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Thesis

SOME ASPECTS OF THE PROSE STYLE OF HEINRICH HEINE

Submitted by

Kenneth Gilchrist Packard

(A.B., Bowdoin, 1926)

In partial fulfilment of requirements for
the degree of Master of Arts

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PART I

STYLE

Content as Distinguished from Form

Perhaps the most striking element in Heine's prose is the consistency of its charm. Nowhere in literature do titles any less suggest the true nature of the content. Whether he is attacking one of the myriad vulnerable points in the facts and forces of life, or merely lolling about indifferently on the crest of some lofty slope grinning with Byronic complacence as the world trips blithely and blunderingly by, there is the same genial combination of humor and pathos, the same boisterous raillery, biting sarcasm, poetic warmth, and artistry of expression pervading the whole.

In Heine, there is that rare fusion of poet and essayist found less delightfully in Scott, Wordsworth, Macauley, and Lessing. For Heine, to entertain a banality, was possessed of an almost Providential poetic sense. A poet of the masses, a minstrel, he was endowed with the essentially concomitant genius for lucidity and proportion. These qualities, suffused with a keen insight into the gravities and follies of life were incorporated in his prose. The consequent facility with

which even the most subtle of his comments are readily intelligible to the average reader bespeaks in Heine's prose a poignant undercurrent-----style.

But style is a vague, elusive term which, though widely used, has unfortunately never yet been satisfactorily defined. In fact, the diversity of concept so prevalent in the remarks of writers and rhetoricians betokens the futility of definition. Suffice it to say, then, that in Heine's prose there are two preeminent elements by which the reader is impressed: content and form. The term content embraces certain constantly recurring manifestations of Heine's moods, dominant appeals to the intellect and emotions. The term form, on the other hand, signifies the actual linguistic tools employed, chiefly figures of speech-----form as applied to the unit of expression rather than to works in their entirety.

Critics of Heine's prose have a tendency to extol the virtues of its content alone, or to confuse the latter with its remarkable form. The following comment of Professor Vos (1) is typical of those which commend only Heine's content:

"As a writer of German prose, Heine has for lucidity, grace, biting satire, and sparkling wit, no equal among German men of letters.....In its whimsicality, its sentimental view of nature, its swift changes of mood, it is clearly reminiscent of Sterne....."

A similar attitude is taken by Professor Faust (2) :

"Its lucidity, conciseness, grace, and ease of

(1) Heine's "Die Harzreise" edited by B.J.Vos, page xvii

(2) "Heine's Prose" edited by Albert B. Faust, page xlix

(See Bibliography)

movement find a parallel only in Goethe's style, the calm dignity and grandeur of which, however, it lacks. Heine's prose is remarkable for its wealth of illustration, the beautiful blending of humor and pathos, its lofty flights of fancy, its poetry and its bathos."

Here there seems to be a lack of distinction between "bathos", a method of utterance, or one of the many aspects of form, and the aspects of content designated by "pathos", "lofty flights of fancy", "grace", "poetry", and the others. Of course, bathos is variously defined and comprehended as either the effect of anticlimax or a term synonymous with it. Anticlimax in turn is held to be a mode of utterance in which, to create a humorous effect, there is an abrupt and unexpected drop from the refined and elevated to the common and vulgar.

Bathos, accordingly, must designate either a method of creating a humorous effect or the humorous effect itself. It would, however, be difficult to conceive of a situation in which a reader could say, significantly, that the impression gained from a given work was bathetic. On the contrary, it would be far more reasonable to assign bathos as the principal contributing factor to the humorous effect, particularly if the effect were occasioned by a series of bathetic utterances. Obviously, it would be ridiculous to interpret Professor Faust's comments arbitrarily. Nevertheless, either he is concerned with only the one aspect of style or else he is unintentionally vague with reference to the other.

That Heine's content is worthy of its innumerable pages of almost encomiastic commentary is unquestionably true; yet, it is equally true, to reverse and corrupt the old adage, that therein is a great tendency to overlook the trees because of the grandeur of the forest. But Heine's prose is not merely impressionistic. As delightful as its content may be, it constitutes only half its charm. Equal praise should be given its unusual form.

PART II

ASPECTS OF CONTENT

The aspects of content in Heine's prose are as varied as they are legion. In nature and intensity of feeling they range between deepest sympathy and utter contempt. Technically, they can be classified as follows: pathos, poetry, sensuality, genial humor or farce, burlesque, satire, and diatribe. Of course, a more detailed analysis would include numerous lesser tones such as flippancy, raillery, and intellectual snobbery; but all of these in essence are readily assignable to one of the former, more comprehensive classifications.

1.

PATHOS

Heine's principal torment in life was a sensitive class-consciousness, a gnawing "Judenschmerz", which not even his utilitarian conversion to Christianity could dispel. To an impressionable and intellectual Jew, the militant race prejudice of the times, with its attendant atrocities centering in the ghettos, represented more than physical discomfort and spiritual oppression. It was indicative of basic misconceptions which only an enlightened era could rectify.

After having been suspended from the University of Göttingen for violation of the regulation against dueling, Heine returned in 1824 to resume his legal studies. The work in jurisprudence, however, no longer appealed to him. Most of his time was spent in the university library seeking material for a novel which was to depict the cruelties inflicted upon the medieval Jews by their Christian oppressors. Fundamentally, his efforts constituted a subconscious strife for the alleviation of the spiritual pain accruing from years of humiliation and resentment. As he wrote Moses Moser (1)

"With love unspeakable, I carry it (the novel) in my bosom."

But Heine's restless temperament was not adapted to the sustained effort necessary for the completion of a novel. After about two years of desultory labors, Heine discarded his idea of a novel in favor of a much abbreviated narrative which was published years later, in 1840, under the title, "The Rabbi of Bacherach". The original theme of the work, however, did not suffer by its abridgment.

Of all Heine's writings, "The Rabbi of Bacherach" may most aptly be called a study in pathos. Into this pathetic tale of the kindly rabbi of the little town of Bacherach and his gentle, soft-spoken wife, Sara, Heine has projected a tenderness and a sympathy sufficient to assuage the feelings of the most impervious bigot. In the following excerpt, which contains in greatly abridged form the major incident of the narrative, the most

(1) "That Man Heine" by Lewis Browne, page 116

effective illustration of this dominant pathos is found: (1)

"And so Rabbi Abraham once sat in his great hall surrounded by relations, disciples, and many other guests to celebrate the great feast of the Passover. All around was unusually brilliant; over the table hung the gaily embroidered silk canopy whose gold fringes touched the floor; the plate with the symbolic food shone in a comfortable, homelike way, as did the tall wine-goblets, adorned with embossed images of holy legends.

The men sat in their black coats and broad-brimmed hats, with white collars; the women in wonderful glittering garments of Lombard stuffs wore on their heads and necks ornaments of gold and pearls, and the silver Sabbath lamps poured forth their pleasant light on the pleased faces of parents and children, happy in their piety.

The beautiful Sara, who sat on the same high velvet cushion as her husband, wore, as hostess, none of her ornaments-----only white linen enveloped her slender form and good and gentle face. This face was touchingly beautiful, even as all Jewish beauty is of a peculiar moving kind; for the consciousness of the deep wretchedness, the bitter scorn, and the evil chances amid which her kindred and friends dwelt, gave to her lovely features a depth of sorrow and an ever-watchful apprehension of love, such as most deeply touches our hearts.

So on this evening, the fair Sara sat looking into the eyes of her husband, yet glancing ever and anon at the beauti-

(1) Note: Quotations in the original German may be found beginning on Page 70. (See Index)



ful parchment book of the Agade which lay before her, bound in gold and velvet.

.....

The second wine-cup had been served, the faces and voices of the guests grew merrier, and the rabbi as he took a cake of unleavened bread and raised it, greeting gaily, read these words from the Agade.....

'See! This is the food which our fathers ate in Egypt! Let everyone who is hungry come and enjoy it! Let everyone who is sorrowful come and share the joys of our Passover! In this year we celebrate it here, but in years to come in the land of Israel. This year we celebrate it in servitude, but in years to come as sons of freedom!'

Then the hall door opened and there entered two tall, pale men wrapped in very broad cloaks who said, 'Peace be with you. We are men of your faith on a journey and wish to share the Passover feast with you!' And the rabbi replied promptly, 'Peace be with you, sit ye down near me!' The two strangers sat down at the table and the rabbi read on.

.....

As beautiful Sara listened with devotion while looking at her husband, she saw that in an instant his face assumed an expression as of agony or despair, his cheeks and lips were deadly pale, and his eyes glanced like balls of ice.....

Then came the time for supper. All rose to wash, and beautiful Sara brought the great silver basin, richly adorned with embossed gold figures, which was presented to every guest

that he might wash his hands. As she held it to the rabbi, he gave her a significant look, and quietly slipped out of the door. In obedience to the sign, Beautiful Sara followed him, when he grasped her hand, and in the greatest haste hurried her through the dark lanes of Bacherach, out of the city gate to the highway which leads to Bingen along the Rhine.

.....

And in a voice still trembling with excitement, he told her that while he was happily and comfortably singing the Agade, he glanced by chance under the table and saw at his feet the bloody corpse of a little child. 'Then I knew,' continued the rabbi, 'that our two guests were not of the community of Israel, but of the assembly of the godless, who had plotted to bring that corpse craftily into the house so as to accuse us of child-murder and stir up the people to plunder and murder us.....Our relations and friends will be saved. It was only my blood which the wretches wanted.....Come with me, beautiful Sara, to another land.....The God of our fathers will not forsake us.'"

There is a biblical tone to the "Rabbi of Bacherach" which is strongly reminiscent of the Old Testament. The reciprocal devotion of rabbi and wife, the serenity of their home, the fervor of their sacred rites despite constant oppression, the atrocity provocative of their flight, their singular lack of vindictiveness, and alacritous plans for the future----all of these Heine has portrayed with a brush dipped into an aching heart. The resulting pathos is unequalled elsewhere in his prose.



2.

POETRY

It is only natural that a poet when writing prose should find himself confronted by observations the very nature of which is more adaptable to poetic form. In Heine, there seems to be at times an unconscious compromise between the poetic and the prosaic whereby the spirit of the former is blended with the form of the latter. These transitions, however, are not abrupt, but occur with a grace which enhances their charm. Yet, unlike some of the other aspects of content in Heine's prose, the poetic spirit is not sustained at length, but appears spasmodically, and vanishes as inconspicuously as it arrived.

If there is one element which is common to practically all of Heine's prose works, it is his uncanny facility for lapsing into a dream. Obviously this procedure is designed as a fantastic veil for naked truths, and often, as in "The Harz Journey", its function is that of a rampart from behind which the guns of satire may be levelled at the foibles of humanity. But there are other times when these dreams act as a playground for "the lofty flights of fancy" mentioned by Professor Faust. In these ramblings of the imagination, there is a decided tendency toward the desired vagueness of the poetic spirit, as is illustrated by the following dream from "The Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski":

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the
the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the

the twenty-first is the fact that the

"It was a sweet, kind, sunshiny dream. The heaven was heavenly blue and cloudless, the sea, sea-green and still. A boundless horizon; and on the water sailed a gaily-pennoned skiff, and on its deck I sat caressingly at the feet of Jadviga. I read to her strange and dreamy love songs, which I had written on strips of rose-colored paper, sighing yet joyful, and she listened with incredulous yet inclined ear and deeply-loving smiles, and now and then hastily snatched the leaves from my hand and threw them into the sea. But the beautiful water fairies with snow-white breasts and arms rose from the water and caught the fluttering love-lays as they fell."

Another type of poetic spirit envelops Heine's descriptions of the humble peasantry met on his sundry expeditions into the hinterlands. Here there is ample evidence that the rustic friendliness of these people has found the usually concealed warmth in his heart. A good example is furnished by "The Harz Journey" in which Heine depicts as tenderly as if she were his own mother the old woman behind the stove in the Klaustal miner's hut:

"The old dame who sat before the clothes-press and behind the stove wore a flowered dress of some old-fashioned material, which had been the bridal robe of her long-buried mother. Her great-grandson, a flashing-eyed blond boy, clad in a miner's dress, knelt at her feet and counted the flowers on her dress. It may be that she has narrated to him many a story connected with that dress; seriously pretty stories

which the boy will not readily forget, which will often recur to him when he, a grown-up man, works alone in the midnight galleries of the Caroline, and which he in turn will narrate when the dear grandmother has long been dead, and he himself, a silver-haired, tranquil old man sits amid the circle of his grandchildren before the great clothes-press and behind the stove."

Heine's poetic effects, however, are not limited to his dream fantasies and affectionate descriptions of country folk. His prose is replete with romantic depictions of nature and inanimate objects. The following, taken singularly enough from his "Letters on the French Stage", combines the two elements in a prose-ode to a little church bell. This bell hangs in a tall tree which served the adjoining church as a tower. Toward the end of the passage, there is a gradual transition to pathos, but even this tone is permeated by the poetic spirit:

"Later in summer, when the tree is splendid in all its green luxuriance and the bell is hidden in foliage, its tone has in it something mysterious; it utters strangely subdued tones, and when they are heard, all at once the gaily jargon-ing birds, who were rocking cradled on the branches take to their wings and frightened, fly away.

In autumn, the sound of the bell is deeper, sadder, stranger, and we seem to hear in it a spirit's voice. But it is chiefly when someone is buried that the long resounding tones have an indescribably mournful echo; at every stroke a few yellow leaves fall from the tree, and this resounding fall

of the leaf, this ringing emblem of mortality filled me once with such irresistible grief that I wept like a child.

That was last year when Margot buried her husband. He came to grief in an unusually high inundation of the Seine. For three days and three nights the poor woman plied the oar, and sought by every bank of the river to find her husband and give him Christian burial, and when found, she herself washed and clothed him and placed him in his coffin and in the churchyard once more lifted the lid to gaze upon the dead. She spoke no word, nor dropt a single tear, but her eyes were bloodshot and I never shall forget the marble face and deep red eyes."

(Confidential Letters addressed to M. August Lewald,

Director of the Dramaturgic Review, in Stuttgart.

Written in May 1837 at a village near Paris.)

3.

SENSUALITY

Biographers apparently haven't been quite able to determine whether Heine's admissions concerning his affairs with women were the defensive boastings of a dreaded impotence or the gloatings of inveterate debauchery. It is quite evident from his prose, however, that he classified women in general according to the impression made on his extraordinarily keen five senses. The sheen of silk draped tightly about a well-rounded bosom, or the fragrance of delicately scented perfumes wafted through the sultriness of Italian nights----anything closely or remotely associated with feminine loveliness --had a devastating effect upon Heine that provoked page after page of an almost animal-like delight in the carnal. The extreme to which he often carried this tendency is clearly indicated in the following sensual account of a clandestine affair with a statue, taken from "Florentine Nights":

"Whether it was the not being used to such a bed, or to my excited feelings, I could not sleep. The moon shone so directly at me through the broken panes that it seemed as if it would lure me out into the clear summer night. Whether I turned to the right side or to the left, whether I opened or impatiently shut my eyes, I could think of nothing but the beautiful marble statue which I had seen in the grass. I could not understand the bashfulness which seized me when I

first saw it; I felt vexed at this childish feeling, and said to myself, 'Tomorrow I will kiss thee, thou beautiful marble face; kiss thee on the lovely corner of the mouth where the lips melt into such a charming dimple!' And then an impatience such as I had never before felt rippled through all my limbs, I could not resist the strange impulse, and at last I jumped up boldly and said, 'What does it matter if I kiss thee even now, beautiful form!'

I stole softly from the house, lest my mother should hear, which was all the easier because the entrance, though it bore a great coat of arms, had no door, and hastily wound my way through the shrubbery of the wasted garden. There was not a sound---all rested silently and solemnly in the calm moonshine. The shadows of the trees seemed to be nailed to the ground. There in the green grass lay the beautiful goddess, as immovable as all around; but her lovely limbs seemed to be fettered, not by petrifying death, but by quiet slumber, and as I drew near I almost feared lest she might be wakened by the lightest sound. I held my breath as I bent over to behold her beautiful face; a shuddering, troubled fear seemed to repel me from, and a youthful lustyhood to attract me to her; my heart beat as if I were about to commit a murder, and at last I kiss the beautiful goddess with a passion, a tenderness, and a desperation such as I never felt in my life from any kiss. Nor can I ever forget the grimly sweet emotion which ran through all my soul as the comforting blessing coldness of those marble lips touched mine.....

.....And so Maria, as I just now stood before you, and I saw you lying in your white muslin dress on the green sofa, your appearance reminded me of the white marble image in the green grass. Had you slept longer, my lips could not have resisted..."

In his personal descriptions of beautiful women, Heine manifests a curious admixture of the poet and the pornographer which lends a sensual aspect to the whole. In the following picture of the lovely Signora Francesca, who plays such a prominent part in the much-maligned "Baths of Lucca", Heine appears to be contemplating his subject with a Mephistophelian lust comparable to the salivary reactions of a dog anticipating a bone:

"The countenance was entirely divine, such as we see in Grecian statues, the brow and the nose forming almost an accurate straight line, while the lower line of the nose formed a sweet right angle, which was wondrously short. As close, too, was the distance from the nose to the mouth, whose lips at either end seemed scarcely long enough and which were extended by a soft, dreamy smile, while beneath them arched a dear, round chin. And the neck!---ah! my pious reader, I am getting along too far and too fast, and moreover, I have no right in this inaugural description to speak of the two silent flowers which gleamed forth like white poetry when the Signora loosened the silver neck-button of her black silk dress."

4.

FARCE

Although Heine's greatest humor is found in his burlesque and satire, there is, in his prose, a wealth of comedy which is very much akin to the dramatic farce. His sense of humor is particularly receptive to those peculiarities in human nature which are traditionally provocative of comic situations. It matters little to the author whether he is laughing at himself or at others, or whether all the world is laughing, he never neglects the opportunity to make the most of an inspiration. But it is a genial, delightful humor, unencumbered by the discordant notes of sarcasm. No attempt is made to humiliate or reform. Sometimes it occurs in the nature of a practical joke as when in "The Harz Journey" he recommends to inquiring tourists the Hotel de Brúbach---the name given by Göttingen students to their university prison---or later at the Brockenhaus when forced by circumstances at the hotel to accept a room-mate for the night, he contrives to keep the poor fellow awake by laying a pistol on the table beside him and remarking casually that he (Heine) is a somnambulist. At other times this humor is merely the appreciation of a situation in which the author is not directly involved. One of the really funniest passages in all of Heine's prose is that describing a domestic quarrel between his land-

lady and her husband in "The Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski":

"He who would know all about the mutual relations of this pair needed only to listen to them in a duet. The man performed on the violincello and his wife on the violin d' amour, but they did not play in time, so that he was always a note behind, and there came withal such cutting, cruel tones that when the 'cello growled and the violin gave grinding groans, one seemed to hear a matrimonial row without words. And after the husband stopped playing, the wife always kept on, as if determined to have the last word. She was a large but very thin woman, nothing but skin and bones, a mouth in which false teeth chattered, a low forehead, almost no chin, but a nose which made up for the deficiency, the tip of which curved like a beak, and with which she seemed, when playing, to muffle the sound of a string.

My landlord was about fifty years of age, and had slender legs, a worn-away, pale face, little green eyes, always blinking like those of a sentinel who has the sun shining in his face. He was by trade a truss-maker, and in religion an Anabaptist. He read the bible so assiduously that it passed into his nightly dreams, and while his eyes kept winking he told his wife over their coffee how he had again been honored by converse with the holiest dignitaries, how he had even met the highest Holy Jehova, and how all the ladies of the Old Testament treated him in the friendliest and tenderest manner. This last occurrence was not at all to the liking of my land-

lady, and she not unfrequently manifested a jealous mood as to these meetings with the blessed damsels of the early days. 'If he had only confined his acquaintance, now,' she said, 'to the pure mother Mary, or old Martha, or, for all I care, even Mary Magdalen, who reformed; but to be meeting night after night those drinking hussies of Lot's daughters, and that precious Mrs. Judith and the vagabond Queen of Sheba, and similar dubious dames, could not be endured.' But nothing could equal her rage when one morning her husband gave her an inspired account of how he had enjoyed an interview with the beautiful Esther, who had begged him to help in her toilet when enhancing her charms to fascinate Ahasuerus. In vain did the poor man protest that Mordecai himself had introduced him to his fair ward, that she was quite half-clad, and that his attentions had been confined to combing out her long, black hair---the enraged wife beat the poor man with his own truss, poured hot coffee into his face and would certainly have made away with him if he had not sworn, in the most solemn manner, in future to avoid all Old Testamental intercourse with ladies. and keep company in future only with patriarchs and prophets.

The results of this ill-treatment were that from that time Mynheer said nothing about his nightly adventures; he became a religious roué, and confessed to me that he had not only become ultra-intimate with the chaste Susanna, but that he had dreamed his way into Solomon's harem, and taken tea with his thousand wives."

5.

BURLESQUE

The essential difference between burlesque and satire appears to be that the ridicule underlying the former, though perhaps contemptuous, is designed merely to provoke a hearty laughter, whereas the ridicule underlying the latter is actuated by a desire to incite reform. In Heine's prose, the spirit of burlesque is not so prevalent as that of satire. This is doubtlessly attributable to the fact that when holding a subject up to ridicule, Heine is generally impelled by motives which demand the biting sarcasm conducive rather to satire than to the relatively mild burlesque.

There are times, moreover, when the line of demarkation between these two aspects of content in his prose is rather indistinctly drawn, and there are times, too, when both are combined, with one or the other predominating. In the following passage taken from his "Book le Grand", Heine is obviously not out for reform. He is merely disgusted with the superficialities and affectations of a foot-note mania which he proceeds to parody. In the sarcastic jibe at the Jews, however, and in the allusion to the author's baptism (1) there is an abrupt transition to satire which interrupts temporarily the spirit of burlesque:

"I hold it to be an advisable thing when quoting from an

(1) Heine was baptized into the Lutheran church in 1825.

obscure author to invariably give the number of his house.

These "good men and bad musicians", as the orchestra is termed in Ponce de Leon----these unknown authors almost invariably possess a copy of their long out-of-print works, and to hunt up this latter it is necessary to know the number of their houses. If I wanted, for example, to find "Spitta's Sing Book for Travelling Journeymen Mechanics", my dear Madame, where would you look for the book? But if quoted--- "Vide Song Book for Travelling Journeymen Apprentices, by P. Spitta, Lüneburg, Lünér Street, No.2, right hand, around the corner"---so you could, if it were worth your while, Madame, hunt up the book. But it is not worth the while.

Moreover, Madame, you can have no idea of the facility with which I quote. Everywhere do I discover the opportunities to parade my profound pedantry. If I chance to mention eating, I at once remark in a note that the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews also ate; I quote all the costly dishes which were prepared by Lucullus's cook---woe me, that I was born fifteen hundred years too late. I also remark that these meals were called this, that, or the other by the Romans, and that the Spartans ate bad black broth.....I could also dilate by the hour on the cookery of the ancient Hebrews, and also descend into the kitchen of the Jews of the present day.....I might also allege the refined manner in which many Berlin savans have expressed themselves relative to Jewish eating, which would lead me to the other excellencies and preeminencies of the chosen people to which we are indebted---as, for instance

their invention of bills of exchange and Christianity. But hold! it would hardly do for me to praise the latter too highly, not having as yet made much use of it, and I believe that the Jews themselves have not profited so much by it as by their bills of exchange.

While on the Jews I could appropriately quote Tacitus; he says that they honored asses in their temples, and what a field of rich erudition and quotation opens on us here! How many a noteworthy thing can be adduced on ancient asses as opposed to the modern! How intelligent were the former, and ah! how stupid are the latter. How reasonably, for instance, spoke the ass of B. Balaam! Vide Pentat. Lib.----

Madame, I have not the work just at hand, and will leave here a hiatus to be filled at a convenient opportunity. On the other hand, to confirm my assertion of the dullness, tameness and stupidity of modern asses, I may allege Vide --- ---
Madame, while speaking of such asses I could seek deep into literary history and mention all the great men who were ever in love---for example, Abelardus, Picus Mirandola, Borbonius, and Henricus Heineus

So, Madame, you see that I am not wanting in well-grounded erudition and profundity. Only in systematology am I a little behind hand.....I shall consequently proceed to speak

I. Of ideas

A. Of ideas in general

- a. Of unreasonable ideas
- b. Of reasonable ideas
 1. Of ordinary ideas
 2. Of ideas covered with green leather

6.

SATIRE

If it were possible to describe in one word the general tone of all Heine's prose, that word would undoubtedly be "negative", for there is hardly a subject to which he doesn't, in some degree, have a negative reaction. This "negativeness", however, is entirely reconcilable with his life.

The bigotry and injustice of the Christian attitude toward the Jews incited Heine to assume the offensive early in his career. Although there is no evidence in his prose that he ever felt inferior, racially, it is quite apparent, nevertheless, that he considered himself something of a crusading champion. Then, too, the fact that he was by no means ashamed of his faith did not preclude his resenting the nervous unrest and annoyance which it brought him. Accordingly, his retaliation against the Christians was prompted in part by race loyalty and in part by personal irritation.

It is interesting to note that in his earliest prose work, "The Rabbi of Bacherach", written between 1824 and 1826, Heine attempted to ameliorate the feeling against the Jews by drawing a pathetic picture of the atrocities which they suffered. This, of course, was designed as a direct appeal to the sympathies. He seems, however, to have been in some doubt concerning the best method of counter-attack against the Christians, for in his "Harz Journey", written during the same

years, Heine presents a radically different offensive in the form of vitriolic satire. The subsequent furor provoked by the "Harz Journey" encouraged him to adopt the latter weapon as the best medium of gaining the desired effect.

The development of this satiric strain fulfilled for Heine a twofold purpose. It disclosed to him the vulnerable point in his enemies, and it instilled in the latter a healthy respect for Heine's feelings. However, to maintain this advantage, the author apparently felt it necessary to inject into his prose an intermittent stream of irony and caustic allusions as a warning that he was not to be trifled with. This tendency eventually embraced not only its original impetus, race prejudice, but practically every subject of which Heine wrote. Frequently his animus is obviously forced and artificial, a straining for effect. Often it seems to be the result of ill-directed momentum. But in general substance, it draws a light veil of negativeness over the whole of his prose.

In 1825, in order to fulfill certain technical requirements of the legal profession, to which he was then supposed to be aspiring, Heine submitted to an admittedly utilitarian conversion to Christianity. This apostasy accomplished nothing other than to brand him a renegade acceptable to neither Jew nor Gentile. Previous to this event, Heine had frequently made unconscious efforts to relieve the torture of his unreasonable class-consciousness by means of acquiescent depictions of the Jews in their typically humorous situations---a procedure which afforded him the opportunity of laughing without being laughed

at, of excluding himself, temporarily, at least, from annoying associations. Later, however, obviously embittered by the unfavorable reaction to his baptism, Heine launched a sustained attack against all of the qualities in his race that especially disgusted him. It is in these literary campaigns for the reform of the Jew that his satire reaches its greatest height.

Nowhere in Heine's prose is there a better illustration of the brilliant satire for which he is famous than that found in his "Baths of Lucca". The central figures of this essay are two Jews, apparently modeled after composite Hamburg prototypes, "one, a loud, vulgar, baptized millionaire....who called himself the Marquis Christophero de Gumpelino, and the other, his impudent, rascally servant, Hirsch-Hyacinth." (1) By means of these puppets, Heine satirizes two traditionally obnoxious Jewish characteristics: first, a fanatic mammonism, a veritable passion for cold, hard, cash:

" 'O Jesu!' sighed Gumpelino, as we weary with climbing..saw our English lady friend sweeping proudly along on her steed....'o Jesu!' what a curious woman! In all my born days I never did see such a woman. Only in plays. Don't you think the actress Holzbecher could play her part well? There's something of the waterwitch about her---hey!'

'A curious woman,' quoth Gumpelino once again. 'Delicate as white silk and every bit as strong, and she rides horseback as well as I....Those English people ride too outrageous-

(1) "That Man Heine" by Lewis Browne, page 185

ly; why, they'd spend all the money in the world on horses. Lady Maxfield's white horse cost three hundred golden live louis-d'ors; ah! and louis-d'ors are at such a premium now and keep rising every day!'

'You can't have an idea, Doctor, of how much money I have to spend, and yet I keep only one attendant...Look, there comes my Hyacinth!'

'Oh, be easy, Herr Gumpel, or Herr Gumpelino, or Herr Marquis, or your Excellence; we needn't put ourselves out of the way with this here gentleman. He knows me; he's brought lots of lottery tickets of me; I'm not afraid to swear that he still owes me seven marks and nine shilling on the last drawing. I am really glad, Doctor, to meet you again. You're here, I s'pose, on pleasure-business, What else, of course, can a man be doing here when it's so hot, a-climbing up and down hill? I'm as used up as if I'd gone twenty times from Altona Gate to the Stone Gate without earning a copper.'

.....'and when I think of Hamburg.....I wish I was a-standing there now, looking at the Michael's steeple and the big clock on it with the gold figures---great gold figures---how often I've looked at 'em when they were a-shining so jolly in the afternoon sun, till I felt like kissing them. Now I'm in Italy where the lemons and oranges grow, and when I see 'em growing, it puts me in mind of the Steinweg (Jewish street) in Hamburg, where there's lots of 'em lying in great heaping piles in the wheelbarrows, and where a man can eat and eat 'em to his heart's content, without all this trouble of going up hill and down and getting so warm.'

'Hyacinth', said the Marquis, 'go to Lady Julia Maxfield, to my Julia, and give her this tulip; take good care of it, for it cost five paoli, and say to her.....'

The other typically Jewish quality toward which Heine directs his satiric pen in this essay is a pseudo-culture which emanates from that impossible conception of affluence as being synonymous with refinement of manner and intellect:

" 'He's an honest fellow', said the Marquis, 'or I should have sent him off long ago, on account of his want of etiquette. However, before you, it isn't of much consequence; you understand me. How do you like his livery? There's thirty dollars' worth of gold on it more than there is on that of Rothschild's servants. It is my greatest delight to see how the man perfects himself. Now and then I give him lessons in refinement and accomplishment, myself. I often say to him, 'What is money? Money is round and rolls away, but culture remains.' Yes, Doctor, if I---which the Lord forbid---should ever lose my money, I still have the comfort of knowing that I'm a great connoisseur in art---a connoisseur in painting, music and poetry. Yes, sir. Bind my eyes tight and lead me all around in the gallery of Florence, and before every picture, I'll tell you the name of the painter who painted it, or at least the school to which he belongs. Music! Stop up my ears, and I can hear every false note. Poetry! I know every actress in Germany, and have got the poets all by heart. Yes, sir, and Nature, too. I'm great on Nature. I travelled once two hundred miles in Scotland---two hundred miles, just to see one single hill! But



Italy surpasses everything. How do you like this landscape here? What creation! Just look at the trees, the hills, the heaven, and the water down yonder there; don't it all look as if it were painted? Did you ever see anything of the kind finer, even in the theatre? Why, a man gets to be, as you might say, a poet.' "

7.

IRONY AND SARCASM

If irony is to be taken in its strictest sense as an expression intended to convey a meaning just opposite to what is stated, there is in Heine's prose a dearth of irony. But if the term may be used to embrace sarcasm, which is sometimes defined as taunting, sneering, or contemptuous irony, the situation is then considerably different, for, as has been previously stated, the negativeness in Heine's temperament never neglected an opportunity to make a caustic remark. Nor was Heine's sarcasm at all partial. It was directed at every conceivable subject.

Heine's irony, taken in its strictest and purest sense, is ably illustrated by the following two excerpts. The first, centering about the much-abused Count Platen, follows that vituperative attack quoted on pages 36-38:

"Who is then the Count Platen whom we have in the previous chapter learned to know as a poet and warm friend?" (Baths of Lucca)

Just how seriously Heine regarded Catholicism is illustrated by this second example of irony, in its strictest sense. Here the author is flippantly laughing up his sleeve:

"'Francesca!' I cried, 'Star of my thoughts! Thought of my soul! vita della mia vita! my beautiful, oft-kissed, slender, Catholic Francesca! for this one night, if thou wilt grant it to me, I will become a Catholic---but only for this one night! Oh, the beautiful, blessed Catholic night! I will lie in thy arms with deepest Catholicism, I will believe in the heaven of thy love, we will kiss the sweetest confession from our lips, the word will be made flesh, faith will become corporeal in body and form! Oh what religion!'" (City of Lucca)

In the matter of sarcasm, however, Heine's ill-feeling is not left to inference, but is clearly expressed. Owing to the wide variety of subjects against which the author directed his cutting remarks, a systematic classification is practically impossible, but the following examples are representative:

a) Nations and Nationalities

"There is nothing so stupid on the face of the earth as to read a book of travels in Italy, unless it be to write one; and the only way in which its author can make it in any degree tolerable is to say as little in it as possible of Italy." (Baths of Lucca)

"From my broken Italian, she at first took me for an Englishman, but I confessed that I was only a German."
(Munich to Genoa)

"'You are a German?' she inquired. 'I am too honorable to deny it, Signora,' replied My Littleness."

(Baths of Lucca)

b) Towns and inhabitants

"The inhabitants of Göttingen are generally and socially divided into students, professors, Philistines and cattle, the points of difference between these casts being by no means strictly defined." (Harz Journey)

"The town itself (Göttingen) is beautiful, and pleases most when looked at backwards." (Harz Journey)

"The banks of the Elbe are charming, especially so behind Altona, near Rainville. There Klopstock lies buried. I know of no place where a dead poet could more fitly rest. To exist there as a living poet is, of course, a much more difficult matter." (Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski)

c) Count Platen---here is found a different method of attack against poor Platen from the ironic remark on page 43 and the vile insinuations on pages 31 to 33:

"The point of view from which I first beheld Count Platen was Munich....where he will unquestionably be immortal---so long as he lives." (Baths of Lucca)

"Perhaps Count Platen would have been a poet had he lived in another age, and had he been, moreover, somebody else." (Baths of Lucca)

d) Catholicism---No form of religion escaped Heine's sarcastic jibes. This particular bit of sarcasm subtly points out the different answers gained by

multiplying three by one according to the multiplication tables and according to the three-in-one conception of the Trinity:

"I was also shocked at observing that the multiplication table contrasted with the Holy Trinity on the last page of the catechism, as it at once occurred to me that by this means the minds of the children might even in their earliest years be led to the most sinful skepticism." (Harz Journey)

e) Hell---In the following two quotations, Heine uses hell as a basis for his sarcasm:

"The scorers of the Italian School who would fain destroy the character of this sort of music will not escape their well-deserved punishment in hell and are perhaps damned in advance to hear through all eternity nothing but the fugues of Sebastian Bach." (Munich to Genoa)

"Madame, you can have no idea of hell! Still, it is rank calumny to say that down there all the poor souls are compelled to read all day long all the dull sermons which were ever printed on earth. Bad as hell is, it has not quite come to that." (Book le Grand)

f) Heine's attitude toward the general type of critic is brought out in this remark:

"In order to represent Hamlet as an altogether weak-minded man, Shakespeare makes him, in his conversation with the comedians, appear as an admirable theatrical critic." (Romantic School, Book II, Chapter II)

OF LONDON, FROM THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY, IN THE YEAR 1660, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

IN TWO VOLUMES. THE FIRST CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY, FROM THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY, IN THE YEAR 1660, TO THE PRESENT TIME. THE SECOND CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY, FROM THE PRESENT TIME, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF LONDON, FROM THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY, IN THE YEAR 1660, TO THE PRESENT TIME. THE SECOND CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY, FROM THE PRESENT TIME, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

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THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF LONDON, FROM THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF THE SOCIETY, IN THE YEAR 1660, TO THE PRESENT TIME. THE SECOND CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY, FROM THE PRESENT TIME, TO THE PRESENT TIME.

g) In the following bitter comment on prudishness,
there is a mixture of irony and sarcasm:

"But will the ladies not be offended at my saying breeches instead of trousers? Oh, the refined feelings of ladies! In the end only eunuchs will dare to write for them, and their spiritual servants in the West must be as harmless as their body servants in the East."

(North Sea III)

The most amazing aspect of these illustrations of Heine's irony and sarcasm is that they are not of an even more caustic nature. Certainly anything might well have been expected of a temperament such as Heine's. Becoming even more captious and resentful as he progressed in years, the author spared neither friend nor adversary in his almost fanatic attempt to set up about him a fortress of ready and biting sarcasm as a warning that he were better left unmolested. At times his sarcasm is obviously forced and artificial, a mere show of arms, illustrative of that oft-quoted expression from Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell": "Dem Schwachen ist sein Stachel auch gegeben".

8.

DIATRIBE

There is in Heine's prose, however, an even greater intensity of bitterness than that found in his satire. This took the form of a violent personal criticism in the execution of which Heine often went far beyond the recognized limits of good taste. This element is common, in greater or lesser degree, to practically all of his essays. In one instance, he devoted a whole volume to it. This was published in 1840 under the title "Ludwig Börne"----"eine Denkschrift". Earlier in his career, Heine had struck up a warm friendship with Börne. But during the years immediately preceding the death of the latter, relations between them had been considerably strained. The cause of this ill-feeling is directly attributable to political differences which provoked, on the part of Börne, an open denunciation of Heine. The latter remained silent until after Börne's death when, in the essay previously referred to, he viciously attacked Börne's moral code with filthy insinuations concerning his victim's relations with one Frau Wohl. Contrary to Heine's expectations, the book met with indignation and disgust everywhere. Eventually, the author became involved in a duel with the injured lady's husband and was fortunate to escape with his life.

Even more vicious and disgusting are those last few chapters of his "Baths of Lucca" in which Heine directs a vitu-

perative attack against Count Platen, a poet of some ability. The latter had been ridiculed by the poet Immerman in certain of his epigrams that appeared in the second volume of Heine's "Travel Pictures". By way of retaliation, Platen wrote a play called "The Romantic Oedipus" in which he abused both Immerman and Heine. Although the greater amount of abuse had fallen upon Immerman, there had been many caustic remarks in the play assailing Heine as a Jew. Had Platen criticized him on any other score, probably he would have done so with impunity. But he had dealt a severe blow to Heine's most sensitive spot. After having yielded priority in the matter of revenge to Immerman, Heine, dissatisfied with the result, lost control of his temper and took up the bludgeon himself.

According to current rumors, Platen was a sexual pervert, and it was from this disgusting point of view that Heine attacked him principally. The theme of the diatribe appears to be a bitter denunciation of both Platen's poetry and Platen, himself as a poet. But into this theme, Heine has cleverly woven a network of vile insinuations which easily betray the purpose of the essay. For rank vindictiveness and utter indifference to the dictates of good taste, no other personal attack in Heine's prose can approach that directed at Count Platen.

In part of the essay, Heine again makes use of his two puppets, Gumpelino and Hyacinth to assail Platen. Gumpelino and his lady love, Julia Maxfield, have been trying for months to arrange a clandestine rendezvous, but Lord Maxfield has kept an unusually efficient vigil. Gumpelino is almost at the end of

his rope, vowing that he would rather enjoy one night with his Julia than win the Grand Prize in the Hamburg Lottery. Hyacinth says he must be mad to make such a statement and diagnoses his ailment as a peculiar type of lovesickness for which he has just the right medicine. Accordingly he gives Gumpelino an enormous dose of what later proves to be "Glauber's Salts", a mighty cathartic. Gumpelino is just beginning to feel the overwhelming effect of this medicine when in dashes a messenger from the fair Julia with the news that she is returning to England on the following morning, but that she has contrived to see him for a few exquisite moments if he comes at once. Gumpelino rages about the room, tearing his hair in a frenzy---but of course, he has to decline. On the following morning, in answer to a question put to him by the Doctor mentioned previously, concerning a book he has in his hand, Gumpelino declares that it is a volume of "gems" written by Count Platen and makes the following comment:

"You know that I was in a state of desperation yesterday evening--au desespoir, as one might say---because Fate forbade me to possess my Julia. Then I read these poems, one every time I had to get up, and the result has been that I feel so indifferent to women that my own passion became repulsive to me. And that is the beauty of this poet, that he only burns with friendship for men. Yes, he prefers us to women, and for this very preference we ought to be grateful to him. How much greater he is in this than common poets! You do not find him flattering the every-day tastes of the masses; he cures us of

that passion for women which causes us so much suffering."

At the suggestion of the Doctor, Gumpelino reads aloud a few of the Count's poems, to which Hyacinth has the following reaction:

"Herr Marquis, you talk like a book and the verses go out like a purge, but I don't like their contents. As a man I feel flattered that Count Platen gives us the preference, but as a friend to women, I go against such men. Such is man! One likes onions, and another has the feeling for warm friendship; but I, as an honest man, must confess that I prefer onions, and that a cross-eyed cook-maid is more to my taste than any friend such as your poet talks about. And, in fact, I must say that I, for one, can't begin to see so much beauty in the male sex that one can fall in love with it."

But not all of Heine's vituperative attack on Platen was so cleverly concealed. The following comments are of a far more direct and vitriolic nature:

"I believe that it was about the time in question that the King of Bavaria.....gave to Count Platen an annual pension of six hundred florins, and that, indeed, not from the public treasury, but from his own royal private purse, this being requested by the Count as an especial favor. I mention this circumstance, trifling as it seems (since it characterizes the caste of the Count) for the benefit of the investigator into the secrets of Nature, and who perhaps studies the aristocracy. Everything is of importance to science, and let him who would reproach me for devoting myself too seriously

to Count Platen go to Paris, and see with what care the accurate, exquisite Cuvier, in his lectures, describes the filthiest insect even to the minutest particulars."

It is easily seen why a constant recurrence of these varied aspects of content, illustrative of the great versatility of mood that was Heine's, should provoke the editorial commendation of this side of his prose. To read any of Heine's essays is to run the gamut of emotional and intellectual experience. In the words of Gérard de Nerval (1) :

"It is no vain antithetical by-play to say of Heine that he is at once cruel and tender, naive and perfidious, skeptical and credulous, lyrical and prosaic, a sentimentalist and a mocker at sentiment, impassioned and reserved....."

The impressiveness of all Heine's dominant aspects of content has led to his being compared with innumerable men of letters most of whom were primarily distinguished in some one of the many excellencies found in Heine's prose. But there was only one Heine. The comment might safely be ventured that never since, in German literature at least, has his facility in the creation of variegated aspects of content been equalled.

(1) "Heine" by William Sharp, page 198

PART III

ASPECTS OF FORM

Although the content in Heine's prose makes the more comprehensive impression, and perhaps on this account receives either most or all of the emphasis in general criticisms of his style, the more immediate impression is made by a wealth of figures of speech, to which Heine undoubtedly was especially partial. These aspects of form recurring constantly throughout his prose are, in their excellent quality, as essentially characteristic and commendable as the more frequently mentioned aspects of content.

1.

BATHOS

Heine's fondness for bathos is clearly explained by him in his "Book le Grand":

"Du sublime au ridicule, il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!

But life is in reality so terribly serious that it would be insupportable were it not for these unions of the pathetic and the comic, as our poets well know. Aristophanes only exhibits the most harrowing forms of human madness in the laugh-

ing mirror of wit; Goethe only presumes to set forth the fearful pain of thought comprehending its own nothingness in the doggrel of a puppet-show, and Shakespeare puts the most agonising lamentations on the misery of the world in the mouth of a fool who meanwhile rattles his cap and bells in all the nervous suffering of pain."

There are three distinct types of bathos in Heine's prose. The first is a bathetic enumeration in which the last member provokes a humorous reaction either because it is on a higher plane than those preceding or because it is on a decidedly lower plane:

- a) Enumerations in which the last member is on a higher plane:

"I believe that we also spoke of Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron...."
(Harz Journey)

"Broken and brittle, too, near the latter lies the high castle which once ruled the town, a daring building of a daring time, with spires, pinnacles, battlements, and a broad, round, tower inhabited by owls and Austrian invalids." (The Trip from Munich to Genoa)

- b) Enumerations in which the last member is on a lower plane:

"Apple tarts were then my passion---now it is love, truth, liberty, and crab soup....." (Book le Grand)

"The Tyrolese are handsome, cheerful, honorable, brave and of inscrutable narrowness of mind." (Munich to Genoa)

"Brixen was the second great town of the Tyrol which I entered. It lies in a valley, and as I arrived there it

was covered over with mist and the shadows of evening. Twilight, silence, melancholy ding-donging of bells, sheep trotting to their sheds, human beings to churches, everywhere an oppressive smell of ugly saints' images and dry hay." (Munich to Genoa)

"...and I learned of him that Brescia contained, among other things, 40,000 inhabitants, one town-hall, twenty-one coffee houses, twenty Catholic churches, a madhouse, a synagogue, a menagerie, a house of correction, a hospital, an equally good theatre, and a gallows for those thieves who steal less than 100,000 dollars." (Munich to Genoa) (This is one of the most common methods Heine employs to introduce some town he has visited.)

The second type of bathetic utterance occurring frequently in Heine's prose is a group of connected expressions in which the last produces a humorous effect by reason of its being so fundamentally different from the others in emotional appeal:

"I said, 'William, do get the kitten out which has just fallen in!' and he cheerfully climbed out on the board which stretched over the brook and pulled the cat out of the water, but fell in himself, and when they took him out he was dripping and dead. The kitten lived to a good old age." (Book le Grand)

"Yes, it is spring----and I can lay aside my undergarment." (French Stage)

"He asked, 'How did the woman of Samaria know that Christ was a Jew?' 'By his nose,' answered boldly the

little Suabian." (Salon)

"When the knight with a courtly reverence advanced to her, she gazed at him long and in silence, and at last asked him with a smile if he was hungry. And though the heart of the knight was leaping within him for love, he still had a German stomach." (Gods in Exile)

"The moral of the play is that women should never marry Flying Dutchmen, while we men may learn from it that one can through women go down and perish---under favorable circumstances." (Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski)

"For you must know, dear reader, that this nobleman is now a good Catholic; that he observes with the utmost strictness all the ceremonies of that church which alone confers happiness; and that when he is in Rome he even keeps his own chaplain, on the same principle which induces him to keep in England the fastest horse, and in Paris the prettiest dancing girl." (Baths of Lucca)

"It may be that the desperate republican, who, like a Brutus plunged a knife to his heart, first smelt it to see whether someone had not split a herring with it." (Book le Grand)

The third type of bathetic expression is closely associated in nature with the second although it differs somewhat in form. This consists of Heine's habit of presenting several lines of poetry embodying a beautiful idea, followed by a coarse prose comment which at once destroys the poetic effect:

"Meanwhile Signora Letitia trilled in the most delicate soprano---

'For thee alone these cheeks are glowing,

For thee alone these pulses beat;

With Love's sweet impulse overflowing,

This heart now throbs, and all for thee.'

And with the commonest prose voice she added,

'Bartolo, bring me the spittoon.'" (Baths of Lucca)

It is apparent from these illustrations that not all of Heine's bathetic utterances are of the same degree of excellence. The remark concerning Lord Byron, for example, produces a far more humorous reaction than that mentioning the Austrian invalids. Whereas Lord Byron is a universal figure, the Austrian invalids in the tower mean nothing to a person unfamiliar with Italian history. The inscrutable narrowness of Tyrolese minds, also, makes a much more definite impression than the "gallows for thieves who steal less than 100,000 dollars". The latter while not exactly localized in import, borders on a straining for effect that is far inferior to the naturalness of the former. Moreover, in the remark centering about the keeping of a personal chaplain, a hint as to the conclusion is presented by "the fastest horse", and the contrasting element of "the prettiest dancing girl" is thereby greatly weakened. The interesting longevity of the little kitten, on the other hand, will not easily be forgotten. Though obviously weak in many instances, Heine's bathos in general is of an unusual quality.

2.

DESCRIPTION

Simile, Metaphor, Personification,

Choice of words

The excellence of Heine's descriptions, as might be expected of a poet, is largely the result of the effective use of similes, metaphors, and personifications of an unusually fine quality. In certain of his descriptive passages, however, none of these figures appear, but they are compensated for by extreme care in the choice of words. Although Heine's descriptions embrace a wide variety of subjects, the author appears to reach his greatest heights in those passages treating of nature, people, and unpleasant situations.

The following personification of the river Ilse, illustrative of Heine's romantic attitude toward nature, is particularly rich in similes and metaphors:

"No pen can describe the merriment, simplicity, and gentleness with which the Ilse leaps or glides amid the wildly piled rocks which rise in her path, so that the water strangely whizzes or foams in one place among rifted rocks, and in another wells through a thousand crannies as if from a giant watering pot and then in collected stream trips away over the pebbles like a merry maiden. Yes, the old legend is true; the Ilse is a princess, who laughing in beauty runs adown the mountain. How her white foam garment gleams in the sunshine.

How her silvered scarf flutters in the breeze. How her diamonds flash." (Harz Journey)

Somewhat more formal in attitude, though none the less deeply appreciative is this picture of the sea in which, save for a brief personification of the sun, the outstanding quality of expression conducive to the imagery is an admirable choice of words:

"On the summit of the Apennines, not far from Genoa, we behold the sea; between the green mountain peaks we catch glimpses of its blue waters, and ships which come forth here and there seem to sail strangely over the mountains. If we see this view during twilight, when the last rays of the sun begin playing a wondrous game with the earliest shades of evening, and when all hues and shapes twine dreamily together, then a feeling as of old legends steals over the mind; the coach rolls along, the sweetest, dreamiest shadows of the soul are revived: they tenderly greet, until at last in a vision we seem to be in Genoa." (Munich to Genoa)

With the exception of those passages setting forth the physical charms of a beautiful woman, Heine's personal descriptions are thoroughly uncomplimentary as is illustrated by the following derogatory picture of a demagogue. Especially praiseworthy in this passage are the elements of comparison, the personification of vulgarity, and the personification of the eyes so cleverly indicating their deformity:

"I should myself have taken this head for that of an ape, only out of courtesy, I will let it pass for that of a man's.

Its cover was a cloth cap shaped like Mambrino's helmet below which hung down long, stiff, black hair which was parted in front a l'enfant. On that side of this head which gave itself out for a face, the Goddess of Vulgarity had set her seal, and that with so much force that the nose had been mashed flat; the depressed eyes seemed to be seeking this nose in vain, and to feel grieved because they could not find it; an unpleasantly smelling smile played around the mouth, which was altogether enchanting, and might have inspired our Greek bastard poet to the most delicate 'Gazelles'. (Munich to Genoa)

Least attractive of all Heine's descriptions are those picturing unpleasantness and unpleasant situations as is more than adequately attested by the following passage which is preeminent in its abundance of nauseating terms. Here again, disgusting as it may be, the choice of words is admirably suited to the author's purpose:

"We are all of us sick and suffering enough in this great lazaretto, and many a piece of polemical reading involuntarily reminds me of a revolting quarrel in a little hospital at Cracow, where I was an accidental spectator, and where it was terrible to hear the sick mocking and reviling each other's infirmities, how emaciated consumptives ridiculed those who were bloated with dropsy, how one laughed at the cancer in the nose of another, and he again jeered the lock-jaw and distorted eyes of his neighbors, until finally those who were mad with fever sprang naked from bed and tore the coverings and sheets from the maimed bodies around, and there was nothing to be seen but

revolting misery and mutilation." (City of Lucca)

There are also in Heine's prose innumerable relatively detached similes and metaphors which are remarkable particularly for the unusual basis of comparison:

"The pavement of the town is as ragged as Berlin Hexameters." (Harz Journey)

"But why did Kant write his 'Critique of Pure Reason' in such a grey, dry, wrapping-paper style?" (Germany---from Kant to Hegel)

"Or was it that as lascivious old men seek by being whipped to excite new power of enjoyment, so old Rome endured monkish chastisement to find more exquisite delight in torture and voluptuous rapture in pain?" (The Romantic School, Book I)

Unquestionably the most artistic bits of description in Heine's prose are his romantic pictures of nature. But, as has been clearly illustrated, Heine's judicious application of figures of speech to descriptions of less refined subjects is equally worthy of attention and praise---even if from another point of view. Where the one expression impresses because of its beauty, the other impresses because of its poignancy and general pertinence to the matter at hand, whatever its nature. In all instances, at least, Heine has excellently adapted his descriptive figures and choice of words to his purpose.

3.

EPIGRAM

Some of the most widely quoted of Heine's aspects of form are those epigrams, or terse witticisms, which impress because of their brevity and pith. Although these concise expressions, treating of myriad subjects, are scattered through all his prose works, the best of the author's epigrammatic comments are those concerning the topics so dear to his polemic heart---religion, politics, and nationalities.

a) Religion

"A Catholic priest walks as if Heaven belonged to him; a Protestant clergyman, on the contrary, goes about as if he had taken a lease of it." (City of Lucca)

(speaking of the coolness of cathedrals) "People may say what they will, Catholicism is a good religion----for summer." (Munich to Genoa)

"Well, then, My Hyacinth, how do you like the Protestant religion? 'That is altogether, on t'other hand, too commonsense like, and if the Protestant churches hadn't an organ, it wouldn't be a religion at all.'" (Baths of Lucca)

(speaking of religious prejudice) "...so that while we fight for heaven above, we are all going to the devil here below." (City of Lucca)

"Religion and hypocrisy are twin sisters, and are so much alike that they often cannot be distinguished from one another." (Romantic School, Book II, Chapter I)

b) Politics

"A few philosophical renegades from freedom may forge, if they will, for us the most elaborate chains of conclusions to prove that millions of men are born to be beasts of burden for a few thousand nobles, but they will never convince us until they make it clear, to borrow the expression of Voltaire, that the former are born with saddles on their backs, and the latter with spurs on their heels." (Munich to Genoa)

"I care little whether my songs are praised or found fault with. But ye may lay a sword on my coffin, for I was a brave soldier in the war of freedom for mankind." (Munich to Genoa)

"'Dear Mother,' I replied, 'do you know that if I were a king, I'd go one whole day without reigning, just to see how it looked in the world.' 'Dear child,' said Mother, 'many a king does that, and yet the world looks just the same as ever.'" (City of Lucca)

c) Nationalities

"The Englishman loves liberty as his lawful wife. The Frenchman loves liberty as his bride. The German loves liberty as though she were his old grandmother." (English Fragments)

"The Arab has a thousand expressions for a sword, the Frenchman for love, the Englishman for hanging, the German for drinking, and the modern Athenian for the place where he drinks." (Munich to Genoa)

(answering a stupid bar-maid who thought irony synonymous with beer) "...irony is not beer, but an invention of the Berlin people who were awfully vexed because they came too late into the world to invent gunpowder, and therefore undertook to find something which should answer as well." (Munich to Genoa)

"If the landlady of the Red Cow had been an Italian, she would have poisoned my victuals, but as she was a Dutchwoman, she only cooked them as badly as possible." (Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski)

In addition to those epigrams which permit of some general classification, Heine's prose contains innumerable others of a miscellaneous nature which occur spasmodically. Among these are two interesting comments on another of his favorite topics----women:

"Women have but one way to make men happy, and 30,000 to torment them" (Florentine Nights)

"Beautiful women without religion are like flowers without perfume." (City of Lucca)

Heine had no use for England or the English. His particular grievance against the latter was that they had humbled Napoleon, a figure he had admired since that day in Düsseldorf when Heine as a boy saw the emperor ride triumphantly into town to alleviate, subsequently, the plight of the Jews. In commenting on Scott's "Life of Napoleon", a

work supposedly written to cope with the financial exigencies of the moment, Heine says:

"The English merely murdered the emperor---but Walter Scott sold him." (English Fragments)

According to the following, Heine's visit to London was not especially inspirational:

"Send a philosopher to London, but, for your life, no poet!" (English Fragments)

The author always enjoyed regaling the Philistines. The following is an epigrammatic reply to one of them:

"I assented to this, adding that the Lord had made cattle because beef soup strengthened man; that jackasses were created to serve as comparisons, and that man existed that he might eat beef soup and realize that he wasn't any jackass." (Harz Journey)

The inevitable Count Platen, the University of Göttingen, the author himself, and his "Travel Pictures" are also central figures in epigrams of a tolerable nature:

"I would rather have it reported that Count Platen hated me to my face, than that he loved me behind my back." (Baths of Lucca)

"...suffice it to say that the two universities are distinguishable by the simple fact that in Bologna they have the smallest dogs and the greatest scholars, while

in Göttingen, on the contrary, are the smallest scholars and the greatest dogs." (Baths of Lucca)

"That is all long, long, ago. Then I was young and foolish. Now I am old and foolish." (Memoirs of Herren von Schnabelewopski)

"'Pictures of Travel' was forbidden; it was needless for the Government to put the book under ban---people would have read it without that." (Munich to Genoa)

Taken individually, Heine's epigrams are of various degrees of impressiveness. Some are of a decidedly ingenious nature. Others, notably that concerning the Arab and his thousand words for sword are insipid. Moreover, one, at least, could have been made far more impressive if it had been revised to read: "Women have 30,000 ways to torment a man---- but only one way to make him happy." Taken in a body, however, these epigrams are exceptionally clever and enjoyable.

4.

EUPHEMISM

Biographers and critics both have been prolific in their condemnation of what they term "coarseness" and "obscenity" in Heine's prose, and have quite generally agreed that these essentially characteristic elements should, in keeping with good taste, be deleted in their entirety. Furthermore, according to the same sources, the general excellence of the author's prose would in no way suffer by such a deletion.

The following comments are illustrative of these attitudes:

"It has already been stated that Heine's writings lack restraint. In prose and verse they are often marred by coarseness, irreverence and obscenity. A judicious use of the pruning-knife can therefore cause no detriment to the excellence of Heine's prose work, but result only in the gain of a large number of readers. George Eliot has said on this point, in a passage frequently quoted:

'The audacity of Heine's occasional coarseness and personality is unparalleled in contemporary literature, and has hardly been exceeded by the license of former days. Hence.....there is need of a friendly penknife to exercise a strict censorship. Yet, when all coarseness, all scurrility, all Mephistophelian contempt for the reverent feelings of other men, is removed, there will be a plenteous remainder of exquisite poetry, of wit, humor and just thought.'" (Heine's Prose---edited by Professor Albert B. Faust, page 11)

"Unfortunately in his poetry as in his prose, Heine is far from infrequently not only needlessly blasphemous, but recklessly coarse and even occasionally obscene. It is impossible not to note this canker; the wisest plan is to regret the flaw in the exquisite flower, and then to cut it away, as it were, to overlook it. Something of the same excuse that is made for Rabelais must be made for Heine; for the rest, his banalities are nothing more or less than the strains of an ugly warp of vulgarity which intertwined with

his essential refinement---the mud, let us say, in which his golden feet too often voluntarily slipped." (Heine --- by William Sharp, page 207)

Disregarding the fact that coarseness and obscenity are to a considerable degree matters of opinion, and granting that a judicious censorship might render Heine's prose more presentable to the queasy, it does not necessarily follow that such a procedure would in no way detract from the quality of the author's works. To remove the obscenities from Heine's prose is, in the majority of cases, to remove with them one of the most delightful and most ingeniously executed of the author's prose forms-----euphemism.

Heine had an inordinate facility for presenting the most offensive thoughts in the most inoffensive language. Even when wallowing in the mire of pornography, he dispenses his ideas gracefully and pleasantly. He is given neither to the vulgarity of street terms nor to the prudery of their hardly more euphonious substitutes. His vileness is clothed in magnificent subtlety and allusion which penetrate unobtrusively.

When in 1829, the third volume of Heine's "Pictures of Travel" was published, it precipitated a general indignation. It was referred to as "the most vulgar, the most immoral..... the most offensive book ever published by a German author." (1) The particular part of it which caused the greatest furor was entitled "The Baths of Lucca". This will be remembered as the essay containing the satire on the Marquis de Gumpelino, the

(1) "That Man Heine" by Lewis Browne, page 184

diatribe against Count Platen, and the sensual orgies centering about the fair Signora Francesca. It was with reference to the latter that the most obscene and yet the most euphemistic passages occurred:

"When taking leave, I begged as a favor to be allowed to kiss her left foot once more, when she with smiling seriousness drew off not only the red shoe but her stocking, also; and, as I knelt, held up to me the white, fresh blooming lily foot which I pressed to my lips more believingly, perhaps, than I would have done that of the Pope. Of course, I then performed the duties of lady's maid aiding her to draw on the stocking and shoe.

'I am contented with you,' said Signora Francesca..... and you shall often have an opportunity of pulling on my stockings. To-day you have kissed my left foot; tomorrow the right shall be at your disposal. The next day you may kiss my left hand, and the day after, the right. If you do your duty well, bye and bye you will get to my mouth and so on. You see that I'm inclined to help you along, and as you are still quite young, you may yet get along very well in the world.'

Indeed, I did advance far into the world of which she spoke. Be my witnesses, ye Tuscan nights.....

You see, dear reader, that I would willingly give you an accurate local description of my good Fortune, and as other travellers are accustomed to give maps of the remarkable regions into which they have penetrated, so would I gladly serve up Francesca on a plate---of copper."

"During this description she indulged in the most delicate pantomime.....cast herself finally with upheaving breasts on the sofa.....raised her feet high in the air and played with them as if they were puppets in a show. The blue foot represented the Abbate Cecco and the red, his poor Francesca; and while she parodied her own story, she made the two loving feet part from each other, and it was touchingly ludicrous to see them kiss with their tips, saying the tenderest things,..... and I was finally rejoiced when a pitiless destiny parted them far asunder, for a sweet foreboding whispered in my soul that it would be an unfortunate thing for me should the two lovers remain continuously united."

Similar in nature to the intimate glimpse of Francesca just quoted is the following suggestive comment taken from "Florentine Nights":

"She laughed like a child and said, 'Yes, that was disgraceful. If I were a fortress and had three hundred cannon, I would never surrender.' But as Mademoiselle Laurence was no fortress and had no three hundred cannon---"

In the following two passages from his "North Sea III", also, Heine apparently feels that the delicate nature of the subject under discussion warrants a euphemistic touch:

"When but a boy, I always experienced a burning desire when freshly-baked tarts, which I could not obtain were carried past me, reeking in delicious fragrance and exposed to view. Later in life I was goaded by the same feeling when I

beheld fashionably undressed beautiful ladies walk by me; and I often reflect that the poor Islanders, who have hitherto lived in such a state of blessed innocence have here unusual opportunities for similar sensations and that it would be well if the proprietors of the beautiful tarts and the ladies in question would cover them up a little more carefully. These numerous and exposed delicacies on which the natives can only feed with their eyes must terribly whet their appetites; and if the poor female Islanders when "enceinte" conceive all sorts of sweet-baked fancies and even go so far as to bring forth children which strongly resemble the aristocratic guests, the matter is easily enough understood."

The second of these two passages taken from "North Sea III" is clearly inferior in euphemistic qualities to those preceding, and in fact, even contains a relative puerility:

"For neither ladies nor gentlemen bathe here under cover (to be taken to mean also "in bathing suits") but walk about in the open sea. On this account the bathing places of the two sexes are far apart, and yet not altogether too far, and he who carries a good spy-glass, can everywhere in this world see many marvels."

Even worse than the preceding illustration, from an euphemistic point of view, is the following passage from the "Harz Journey" which is probably the poorest attempt at euphemism in the author's prose:

"When I observed that the train of her dress was wet,

I believed at once that she must be a water-fairy. Now I know better, having learned from natural history..... that the skirt of a lady's dress may be wetted in a very natural way."

Not all of Heine's euphemism, however, is used to embellish and veil obscenities. In his "Book le Grand" appears the following cleverly expressed summary of a criminal career:

".....and the other, having made geographical researches in strange pockets was on this account elected members of a public tread-mill institute. But having broken the iron bands which bound him to his Fatherland, he passed safely beyond the sea, and eventually died in London in consequence of wearing a much too long cravat, one end of which happened to be firmly attached to something just as a royal official removed a plank from beneath his feet."

No comprehensive appreciation of Heine's prose can be gained from expurgated texts. Although the author's works undoubtedly harbor a multitude of obscenities, by far the greater number of them are inoffensively expressed in impressive euphemisms which constitute one of the most striking aspects of his prose technique. In their crusade for purity, Heine's critics seem to lose sight of the fact that their efforts are really directed at the removal of a vital quality from his works. A comparison of any standard school edition of "The Harz Journey" with the unexpurgated original is illustrative of how much is lost by the deletion of "obscenities". To be

fully appreciated, Heine should be read with a tolerant and not a censorial mind.

5.

MINOR ASPECTS OF FORM

Aside from the outstanding aspects of form which have been illustrated at length, there are in Heine's works a number of others of lesser importance and impressiveness, though not of more infrequent occurrence. Foremost among these is a medium of expression often listed among figures of speech as "exclamation". In substance, this figure is fundamentally an emotional vocative, somewhat akin to personification, used in addressing inanimate objects or abstractions:

a) Abstractions

"O Nature, thou dumb maiden! well do I understand thy summer lightning." (City of Lucca)

"Ah! dear soul, it may even happen to thee that thou wilt, at last, come to lie in some churchyard next to that Philistine." (Munich to Genoa)

"Immortality---dazzling idea! who first imagined thee?"
(Harz Journey)

"I adjure you, ye Muses of the Old and New World, and ye also, oh! undiscovered Muses who are as yet to be honored....." (Baths of Lucca)

"But I cannot forget thee, thou fairest of all, thou lovely spinner on the marches of Italy." (Munich to Genoa)

b) Inanimate Objects

"....I beheld the new-born, shining dollars, took one as it came fresh from the stamp, into my hand, and said to it, 'Young Dollar! what a destiny awaits thee.'" (Harz Journey)

"Tomorrow I will kiss thee, thou beautiful marble face." (Florentine Nights)

Another of Heine's minor aspects of form is a type of apostrophe. This figure is generally conceded to be an expression in which one dead is addressed as if alive, or one absent, as if present. In its latter designation, the term apostrophe may be applied to that tendency of the author's to address his remarks to some lady not present. She is the "Madame" of "Book le Grand", the "Maria" of "Florentine Nights", and the "Matilda" of "Baths of Lucca"----always elusive, always mysterious. Various conjectures have been ventured as to her actual identity, but in each instance she is probably a mere puppet devised by the author as a novel method of presenting his ideas.

Other notable technical elements of a minor nature in Heine's prose are a tendency to interpolate a rather frequent "dear reader", a readiness for digressions in the form of dreams or hallucinations, and a fondness for plays on words. The latter, of course, are quite generally artificial and un-

impressive in translation. The Italian pictures particularly abound in remarks addressed to "dear reader". The "Harz Journey" and "City of Lucca" furnish the following examples of dreams and hallucinations:

a) Dreams

"In my dreams I returned to Göttingen even to its very library. I stood in a corner of the hall of Jurisprudence....." (Harz Journey)

"Finally I dreamed that I saw a law opera called the Falcidia....." (Harz Journey)

b) Hallucinations

"...and everywhere the blue silk canopy of heaven was so transparent that I could look through the depths even to the Holy of Holies....." (Harz Journey)

"(wild vision of the Crucifixion) Suddenly there came towards them gasping, a pale Jew dripping with blood, a crown of thorns on his head....." (City of Lucca)

It seems incredible that critics of Heine's prose have so generally commended only its content to the practical exclusion of any nature of comment on its wealth of ingeniously executed aspects of form. The unusual quality of these latter elements is perfectly evident from the great number of classified illustrations preceding. Hardly a page of Heine's prose fails to reveal at least one exquisitely turned expression, nor does any one of his essays lack a sufficient number to make that aspect of his style distinctly impressive.

PART IV
RELATION BETWEEN FORM AND CONTENT

Theoretically, the constant recurrence of any one particular aspect of content ought to be provocative of some one definite aspect of form. Accordingly, irony and sarcasm would be conducive to burlesque or satire; euphemism to sensuality or diatribe; bathos to farce, burlesque, or satire; similes, metaphors, and personification to a poetic effect. The practical application of this theory would undoubtedly result in monotony and artificiality.

It is evident from his prose, however, that Heine employed no magic formula to create a desired aspect of content by the repeated use of any particular aspect of form. In none of his essays is there a sustained use of any one figure sufficient to warrant its being designated as the principal contributing factor to the dominant aspect of content.

Yet, it cannot truly be said that the form and content of Heine's prose are devoid of any relationship, however vague it may at times be. There is, to begin with, a negative relationship between the two elements, in that the author, with his keen sense for the fitness of things, never impaired the content by the interpolation of an unsuitable aspect of form. Irony, sarcasm and bathos, for example, are never found lurking in Heine's pathos; nor do beautiful personifications ob-

trude themselves into his satire.

Aside from this relationship, there is a distinctly positive one in the use Heine makes of certain aspects of form as merely contributing factors in creating aspects of content with which they are sympathetic in nature. The personification of the marble statue on page 14, and the metaphor and simile found in "two silent flowers which gleamed forth like white poetry" (page 16) are conducive to sensuality. "Old Testamental Intercourse" (page 19) is a euphemism employed to help along the cause of farce. "So, Madame, you see I am not wanting in well-grounded erudition and profundity" (page 22) is irony contributing to the spirit of burlesque. Similarly, irony and sarcasm play an important part in the satire on Herr Gumpelino (page 25), and euphemisms are employed in the diatribe against Count Platen to embellish the insinuations concerning his perversion. This relationship, however, between the form and content in Heine's prose seems entirely natural and unaffected; there is no evidence that the author was conscious of his procedure.

CONCLUSION

It is the constant recurrence of these aspects of content and form in an indescribable admixture peculiar to Heine that marks any one of his many prose works as his and undeniably his, and distinguishes the author as a prose stylist of unusual ability.

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That despite this ability, Heine should be known not only primarily, but almost exclusively as a lyric poet is exceedingly regrettable. The extolling of his content alone, however, on the part of his critics, together with a marked tendency to disregard the excellencies of his form probably has in no way impeded Heine's ascent to the realm of lyric renown.

FINIS

SUMMARY

There is a charm common to all of Heine's prose works that indicates a subtle undercurrent----style. An analysis reveals that the impressiveness of Heine's prose is attributable to two distinct elements: content and form. Critics have consistently lauded the former, whereas the latter, though equally commendable, have been quite generally overlooked. Though it is undeniably true that the content of Heine's prose is worthy of its commendation, it is equally true that the author had a remarkable facility in form without a recognition of which no criticism of his style can be rightfully considered comprehensive. To some extent, these two predominant elements in Heine's prose are related, and their constant recurrence in an indescribable admixture peculiar to Heine distinguishes him as a stylist of unusual ability.

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PATHOS

Im grossen Saale seines Hauses sass einst Rabbi Abraham, und mit seinen Anverwandten, Schülern und übrigen Gästen beging er die Abendfeier des Paschafestes. Im Saale war Alles mehr als gewöhnlich blank; über den Tisch zog sich die buntgestickte Seidendecke, deren Goldfranzen bis auf die Erde hingen; traulich schimmerten die Tellerchen mit den symbolischen Speisen, sowie auch die hohen weingefüllten Becher, woran als Zierat lauter heilige Geschichten von getriebener Arbeit; die Männer sassen in ihren Schwarzmänteln und schwarzen Plathüten und weissen Halsbergen; die Frauen in ihren wunderlich glitzernen Kleidern von lombardischen Stoffen, trugen um Haupt und Hals ihr Gold- und Perlengeschmeide; und die silberne Sabbathlampe goss ihr festliches Licht über die andächtig vergnügten Gesichter der Alten und Jungen.....Die schöne Sara, die auf einem ebenfalls erhabenen Sammetstuhl an seiner Seite sass, trug als Wirthin Nichts von ihrem Geschmeide, nur weisses Linnen umschloss ihren schlanken Leib und ihr frommes Antlitz. Dieses Antlitz war rührend schön, wie denn überhaupt die Schönheit der Jüdinnen von eigenthümlich rührender Art ist; das Bewusstsein des tiefen Elends, der bitteren Schmach und der schlimmen Fährnisse, worinnen ihre Verwandte und Freunde leben, verbreitet über ihre holden Gesichtszüge eine gewisse leidende Innigkeit und beobachtende Liebesangst, die unsere Herzen sonderbar bezaubern. So sass heute die schöne Sara und sah beständig nach den Augen ihres Mannes; dann und wann schaute sie auch nach der vor ihr liegenden Agade, dem hübschen, in Gold und Sammet ge-

bundenen Pergamentbuche.....

Der zweite Becher war schon eingeschenkt, die Gesichter und Stimmen wurden immer heller, und der Rabbi, indem er eins der ungesäuerten Osterbröte ergriff und heiter grüssend emporhielt, las er folgende Worte aus der Agade: "Siehe! Das ist die Kost, die unsere Väter in Agypten genossen! Jeglicher, den es hungert, er komme und genieße! Jeglicher, der da traurig, er komme und theile unsere Paschafreude! Gegenwärtigen Jahres feiern wir hier das Fest, aber zum kommenden Jahre im Lande Israel's! Gegenwärtigen Jahres feiern wir es noch als Knechte, aber zum kommenden Jahre als Söhne der Freiheit!"

Da öffnete sich die Saalthüre, und herein traten zwei grosse blasse Männer, in sehr weite Mäntel gehüllt, und der Eine sprach: Friede sei mit euch, wir sind reisende Glaubensgenossen und wünschen das Paschafest mit euch zu feiern." Und der Rabbi antwortete rasch und freundlich: "Mit euch sei Frieden, setzt euch nieder in meiner Nähe!" Die beiden Fremdlinge setzten sich alsbald zu Tische, und der Rabbi fuhr fort im Vorlesen.

.....

Derweilen nun die schöne Sara andächtig zuhörte und ihren Mann beständig ansah, bemerkte sie, wie plötzlich sein Antlitz in grausiger Verzerrung erstarrte, das Blut aus seinen Wangen und Lippen verschwand, und seine Augen wie Eiszapfen hervorglotzten.....

Da kam die Zeit, wo die Abendmahlzeit gehalten wird; Alle standen auf, um sich zu waschen, und die schöne Sara holte das grosse silberne, mit getriebenen Goldfiguren reichverzierte Waschbecken, das sie jedem der Gäste vorhielt, während ihm

Wasser über die Hände gegossen wurde. Als sie auch dem Rabbi diesen Dienst erwies, blinzelte ihr Dieser bedeutsam mit den Augen, und schlich sich zur Thüre hinaus. Die schöne Sara folgte ihm auf dem Fusse; hastig ergriff der Rabbi die Hand seines Weibes, eilig zog er sie fort durch die dunkelen Gassen Bacharach's, eilig zum Thor hinaus auf die Landstrasse, die den Rhein entlang nach Bingen führt.

.....

Und mit einer Stimme, die noch vor innerem Entsetzen bebte, erzählte er: wie er wohlgemuth die Agade hinsingend und angelehnt sass, und zufällig unter den Tisch schaute, habe er dort zu seinen Füssen den blutigen Leichnam eines Kindes erblickt. "Da merkte ich", setzte der Rabbi hinzu, "dass unsre zwei späte Gäste nicht von der Gemeinde Israel's waren, sondern von der Versammlung der Gottlosen, die sich berathen hatten, jenen Leichnam heimlich in unser Haus zu schaffen, um uns des Kindermordes zu beschuldigen und das Volk aufzureizen, uns zu plündern und zu ermorden.....unsre Freunde und Verwandte werden gerettet sein. Nur nach meinem Blute lechzten die Ruchlosen..... Komm mit mir, schöne Sara, nach einem anderen Lande...Der Gott unserer Väter wird uns nicht verlassen."

POETRY

Es war ein süsser, lieber, sonniger Traum. Der Himmel himmelblau und wolkenlos, das Meer meergrün und still. Unabsehbar weite Wasserfläche, und darauf schwamm ein buntgewimpeltes Schiff, und auf dem Verdeck sass ich kosend zu den Füssen Jadviga's. Schwärmerische Liebeslieder, die ich selber auf rosige Papierstreifen geschrieben, las ich ihr vor, heiter seufzend, und sie horchte mit ungläubig geneigtem Ohr und sehnsüchtigem Lächeln, und riss mir zuweilen hastig die Blätter aus der Hand und warf sie ins Meer. Aber die schönen Nixen, mit ihren schneeweissen Busen und Armen, tauchten jedesmal aus dem Wasser empor und erhaschten die flatternden Lieder der Liebe.

Die alte Frau, dem grossen Schrank gegenüber hinterm Ofen, trug einen geblümten Rock von verschollenem Zeuge, das Brautkleid ihrer seligen Mutter. Ihr Urenkel, ein als Bergmann gekleideter blonder, blitzäugiger Knabe, sass zu ihren Füssen und zählten die Blumen ihres Rockes, und sie mag ihm von diesem Rocke wohl schon viele Geschichten erzählt haben, viele ernsthafte hübsche Geschichten, die der Junge gewiss nicht so bald vergisst, die ihm noch oft verschweben werden, wenn er bald als ein erwachsener Mann in den nächtlichen Stollen der Karolina einsam arbeitet, und die er vielleicht wieder erzählt, wenn die liebe Grossmutter längst todt ist, und er selber, ein silberhaariger, erloschener Greis, im Kreise

seiner Enkel sitzt, dem grossen Schranke gegenüber, hinterm Ofen.

Späterhin im Sommer, wenn der Baum in ganzer Grüne prangt und das Laubwerk die Glocke dicht umhüllt, hat ihr Ton etwas Geheimnisvolles, es sind wunderbar gedämpfte Laute, und sobald sie erklingen, verstummen plötzlich die geschwätzigen Vögel, die sich auf den Zweigen wiegen, und fliegen erschrocken davon.

Im Herbste ist der Ton der Glocke noch viel ernster, noch viel schaulicher, und man glaubt eine Geisterstimme zu vernehmen. Besonders wenn Jemand begraben wird, hat das Glockengeläute einen unaussprechlich wehmüthigen Nachhall; bei jedem Glockenschlag fallen dann einige gelbe kranke Blätter vom Baume herab, und dieser tönende Blätterfall, dieses klingende Sinnbild des Sterbens, erfüllte mich einst mit so übermächtiger Trauer, dass ich wie ein Kind weinte. Das geschah vorig Jahr, als die Margot ihren Mann begrub. (Er war in der Seine verunglückt als diese ungewöhnlich stark ausgetreten. Drei Tage und drei Nächte schwamm die arme Frau in ihrem Fischerboote an den Ufern des Flusses herum, ehe sie ihren Mann wieder auffischen und christlich begraben konnte. Sie wusch ihn und kleidete ihn und legte ihn selbst in den Sarg, und auf dem Kirchhofe öffnete sie den Deckel, um den Todten noch einmal zu betrachten. Sie sprach kein Wort und weinte keine einzige Thräne; aber ihre Augen waren blutig, und nimmermehr vergesse ich dieses weisse Steingeficht mit den blutrünstigen Augen.)

SENSUALITY

War es nun das ungewöhnte Lager oder das aufgeregte Herz, es liess mich nicht schlafen. Der Mondschein drang so unmittelbar durch die gebrochenen Fensterscheiben, und es war mir als wolle er mich hinauslocken in die helle Sommernacht. Ich mochte mich rechts oder links wenden auf meinem Lager, ich mochte die Augen schliessen oder wieder ungeduldig öffnen, immer musste ich an die schöne Marmorstatue denken, die ich im Grase liegen sehen. Ich konnte mir die Blödigkeit nicht erklären, die mich bei ihrem Anblick erfasste hatte; ich ward verdriesslich ob dieses kindischen Gefühls, und "Morgen", sagte ich leise zu mir selber, "morgen küssen wir dich, du schönes Marmorgesicht, wir küssen dich eben auf die schönen Mundwinkel, wo die Lippen in ein so holdseliges Grübchen zusammenschmelzen!" Eine Ungeduld, wie ich sie noch nie gefühlt, rieselte dabei durch alle meine Glieder, ich konnte dem wunderbaren Drange nicht länger gebieten, und endlich sprang ich auf mit keckem Muthe und sprach: "Was gilt's, und ich küsse dich noch heute, du liebes Bildnis!" Leise, dass die Mutter meine Tritte nicht höre, verliess ich das Haus, was um so leichter, da das Portal zwar noch mit einem grossen Wappenschild, aber mit keinen Thüren mehr versehen war; und hastig arbeitete ich mich durch das Laubwerk des wüsten Gartens. Auch kein Laut regte sich, und alles ruhte stumm und ernst im stillen Mondschein. Die Schatten der Bäume waren wie angenagelt auf der Erde. Im grünen Grase lag die schöne Göttin ebenfalls regungslos, aber kein steinerne Tod, sondern nur ein stiller Schlaf schien ihre lieblichen Glieder gefesselt zu halten, und als ich ihr

nahete, fürchtete ich schier, dass ich sie durch das geringste Geräusch aus ihrem Schlummer erwecken könnte. Ich hielt den Athem zurück, als ich mich über sie hinbeugte, um die schönen Gesichtszüge zu betrachten; eine schauerliche Beängstigung stiess mich von ihr ab, eine knabenhafte Lüsternheit zog mich wieder zu ihr hin, mein Herz pochte, als wollte ich eine Mordthat begehen, und endlich küsste ich die schöne Göttin mit einer Inbrunst, mit einer Zärtlichkeit, mit einer Verzweiflung, wie ich nie mehr geküsst habe in diesem Leben. Auch nie habe ich diese grauenhaft süsse Empfindung vergessen können, die meine Seele durchfluthete, als die beseligende Kälte jener Marmorlippen meinen Mund berührte.....Und sehen Sie, Maria, als ich eben vor Ihnen stand und ich Sie in Ihrem weissen Musselinkleide auf dem grünen Sofa liegen sah, da mahnte mich Ihr Anblick an das weisse Marmorbild im grünen Grase. Hätten Sie länger geschlafen meine Lippen würden nicht widerstanden haben.

Auch das Gesicht war ganz göttermässig, wie man es bei griechischen Statuen findet, Stirne und Nase gaben nur eine einzige senkrecht gerade Linie, einen süssen rechten Winkel bildete damit die untere Nasenlinie, die wundersam kurz war, eben so schmal war die Entfernung von der Nase zum Munde, dessen Lippen an beiden Enden kaum ausreichten und von einem träumerischen Lächeln ergänzt wurden; darunter wölbte sich ein liebes volles Kinn, und der Hals----Ach! frommer Leser, ich komme zu weit und ausserdem habe ich bei dieser Inauguralschilderung noch kein Recht, von den zwei schweigenden Blumen zu sprechen die wie weisse Poesie hervorleuchteten, wenn Signora die silbernen Halsknöpfe ihres schwarzseidenen Kleides enthäkelte.

FARCE

Wer das Verhältniß meines Hauswirths zu meiner Frau Wirthin kennen lernen wollte, brauchte nur beide zu hören, wenn sie miteinander Musik machten. Der Mann spielte das Violoncello, und die Frau spielte das sogenannte Violon d' Amour; aber sie hielt nie Tempo, und war dem Manne immer einen Takt voraus, und wusste ihrem unglücklichen Instrumente die grellfeinsten Kauflaute abzuquälen; wenn das Cello brummte und die Violine greinte, glaubte man ein zankendes Ehepaar zu hören. Auch spielte die Frau noch immer weiter, wenn der Mann längst fertig war, dass es schien, als wollte sie das letzte Wort behalten. Es war ein grosses, aber sehr mageres Weib, Nichts als Haut und Knochen, ein Maul worin einige falsche Zähne klapperten, eine kurze Stirn, fast gar kein Kinn und eine desto längere Nase, deren Spitze wie ein Schnabel sich herabzog, und womit sie zuweilen, wenn die Violine spielte, den Ton einer Saite zu dämpfen schien.

Mein Hauswirth war etwa fünfzig Jahr' alt und ein Mann von sehr dünnen Beinen, abgezehrt bleichem Antlitz und ganz kleinen grünen Auglein, womit er beständig blinzelte, wie eine Schildwache, welcher die Sonne ins Gesicht scheint. Er war seines Gewerbes ein Bruchbandmacher und seiner Religion nach ein Wiedertäufer. Er las sehr fleissig in der Bibel. Diese Lektüre schlich sich in seine nächtlichen Träume, und mit blinzelnden Auglein erzählte er seiner Frau des Morgens beim Kaffee, wie er wieder hochbegnadigt worden, wie die heiligsten Personen ihn ihres Gespräches gewürdigt, wie er sogar mit der

allerhöchst heiligen Majestät Jehovahs verkehrt, und wie alle Frauen des alten Testamentes ihn mit der freundlichsten und zärtlichsten Aufmerksamkeit behandelt. Letzterer Umstand war meiner Hauswirthin gar nicht lieb, und nicht selten bezeugte sie die eifersüchtigste Misslaune über ihres Mannes nächtlichen Umgang mit den Weibern des alten Testamentes. Wäre es noch, sagte sie, die keusche Mutter Marie, oder die alte Marthe, oder auch meinethalb die Magdalene, die sich ja gebessert hat-----aber ein nächtliches Verhältniß mit den Sauf töchtern des alten Loth, mit der sauberen Madam Judith, mit der verlaufenen Königin von Saba und dergleichen zweideutigen Weibsbildern darf nicht geduldet werden. Nichts glich aber ihrer Wuth, als eines Morgens ihr Mann im Übergeschwätze seiner Seligkeit eine begeisterte Schilderung der schönen Esther entwarf, welche ihn gebeten, ihr bei ihrer Toilette behülflich zu sein, indem sie durch die Macht ihrer Reize den König Ahasveros für die gute Sache gewinnen wollte. Vergebens beteuerte der arme Mann, dass Herr Mardachai selber ihn bei seiner schönen Pflgetochter eingeführt, dass diese schon halb bekleidet war, dass er ihr nur die langen schwarzen Haare ausgekämmt-----vergebens! die erboste Frau schlug den armen Mann mit seinen eigenen Bruchbändern, goss ihm den heissen Kaffee ins Gesicht, und sie hatte ihn gewiss umgebracht, wenn er nicht aufs heiligste versprach, allen Umgang mit den alttestamentalischen Weibern aufzugeben, und künftig nur mit Erzvätern und männlichen Propheten zu verkehren.

Die Folge dieser Misshandlung war, dass Mynheer von nun an sein nächtliches Glück gar ängstlich verschwieg; er wurde

jetzt erst ganz ein heiliger Roue; wie er mir gestand, hatte er den Muth, sogar der nackten Susannah die unsittlichsten Anträge zu machen; ja, er war am Ende frech genug, sich in den Harem des Königs Solomon hineinzuträumen und mit dessen tausend Weibern Thee zu trinken.

BURLESQUE

Ich halte es nähmlich für rathsam, alle obskuren Autoren mit ihrer Hausnummer zu citieren.

Diese "guten Leute und schlechten Musikanten"----so wird im Ponce de Leon das Orchester angeredet----diese obskuren Autoren besitzen doch immer selbst noch ein Exemplärchen ihres längstverschollenen Büchleins, und um dieses aufzutreiben muss man also ihre Hausnummer wissen. Wollte ich z.B. "Spitta's Sangbüchlein für Handwerksburschen" citieren----meine liebe Madame, wo wollten Sie dieses finden? Citiere ich aber:

"vid. Sangbüchlein für Handwerksburschen, von
P. Spitta; Lüneburg, auf der Lüneerstrasse Nr.
2, rechts um die Ecke"-----

so können Sie, Madame, wenn Sie es der Mühe werth halten, das Büchlein auftreiben. Es ist aber nicht der Mühe werth.

Ubrigens, Madame, haben Sie gar keine Idee davon, mit welcher Leichtigkeit ich citieren kann. Überall finde ich Gelegenheit, meine tiefe Gelahrtheit anzubringen. Spreche ich z. B. vom Essen, so bemerke ich in einer Note, dass die Römer, Griechen und Hebräer ebenfalls gegessen haben, ich

citire all' die köstlichen Gerichte, die von der Köchin des Lucullus bereitet worden-----weh mir dass ich anderthalb Jahrtausend zu spät geboren bin:-----ich bemerke auch, dass die gemeinschaftlichen Mahle bei den Griechen so und so hiessen, und dass die Spartaner schlechte schwarze Suppen gegessen---
Über das Essen der alten Hebräer könnte ich weitläufig mich aussprechen und bis auf die jüdische Küche der neuesten Zeit herabgehen-----Ich citiere bei dieser Gelegenheit den ganzen Steinweg-----Ich könnte auch anführen, wie human sich viele Berliner Gelehrte über das Essen der Juden geäußert, ich käme dann auf die andern Vorzüglichkeiten und Vortrefflichkeiten der Juden, auf die Erfindungen, die man ihnen verdankt, z.B. die Wechsel, das Christentum-----aber halt! Letzteres wollen wir ihnen nicht allzuhoch anrechnen, da wir eigentlich noch wenig Gebrauch davon gemacht haben-----ich glaube, die Juden selbst haben dabei weniger ihre Rechnung gefunden als bei der Erfindung der Wechsel. Bei Gelegenheit der Juden könnte ich auch Tacitus citieren-----er sagt, sie verehrten Esel in ihren Tempeln-----und bei Gelegenheit der Esel, welch ein weites Citatenfeld eröffnet sich mir! Wie viel merkwürdiges lässt sich anführen über antike Esel, im Gegensatz zu den modernen. Wie vernünftig waren jene, und ach! wie stupide sind diese. Wie verständig spricht z.B. Bileam's Esel,

vid. Pentat. Lib. -----

Madame, ich habe just das Buch nicht bei der Hand und will diese Stelle zum Ausfüllen offen lassen. Dagegen in Hinsicht der Abgeschmacktheit neuerer Esel citiere ich: vid. -----

Nein, ich will auch diese Stelle offen lassen, sonst werde ich ebenfalls citiert.....

Madame, bei Gelegenheit solcher Esel könnte ich mich tief in die Literaturgeschichte versenken, ich könnte alle grosse Männer citieren, die verliebt gewesen sind, z.B. den Abälardum, Picum Mirandulanum, Borbonium,.....und Henricum Heineum.....

Sie sehen, Madame, es fehlt mir nicht an Gründlichkeit und Tiefe. Nur mit der Systematie will es noch nicht so recht gehen.....Madame, ich spreche demnach:

I. Von den Ideen,

A. Von den Ideen im Allgemeinen

a. Von den vernünftigen Ideen

b. Von den unvernünftigen Ideen

1.) Von den gewöhnlichen Ideen

2.) Von den Ideen die mit grünem Leder
überzogen sind.

SATIRE

O Jesu! ächzte Gumpelino, als wir, mühsamen Steigensunsere englische Freundin hoch zu Ross, wie ein romantisches Märchenbild, über die Brücke jagen und eben so traumschnell wieder verschwinden sahen. O Jesu! welch eine kuriose Frau! wiederholte einigemal der Marchese. In meinem gemeinen Leben ist mir noch keine solche Frau vorgekommen. Nur in Komödien findet man Dergleichen, und ich glaube z.B. die Holzbecher würde die Rolle gut spielen. Sie hat etwas von einer Nixe. Was denken Sie?

.....

Eine kuriose Frau! sprach wieder Gumpelino. So zart wie weisse Seide und eben so stark, und sitzt zu Pferde eben so



gut wie ich.....Das Volk reitet zu leidenschaftlich, giebt alles Geld in der Welt für Pferde aus. Lady Maxfield's Schimmel kostet dreihundert goldne, lebendige Louisd'ore-----ach! und die Louisd'ore stehen so hoch und steigen noch täglich.

Sie haben keinen Begriff davon, Herr Doktor, wie viel Geld ich ausgeben muss, und dabei behelfe ich mich mit einem einzigen Bedienten.....Sehen Sie, da kommt mein Hyacinth.

Sein Sie nur ruhig, Herr Gumpel, oder Herr Gumpelino, oder Herr Marchese, oder Eure Excellenza, wir brauchen uns gar vor diesem Herrn zu genieren, Der kennt mich, hat manches Loos bei mir gespielt, und ich möchte sogar darauf schwören, er ist mir von der letzten Renovierung noch sieben Mark neun Schilling schuldig-----Ich freue mich wirklich, Herr Doktor, Sie hier wieder zu sehen. Haben Sie hier ebenfalls Vergnügungsgeschäfte? Was sollte man sonst hier thun in dieser Hitze, und wo man noch dazu bergauf und bergab steigen muss. Ich bin hier des Abends so müde, als wäre ich zwanzigmal vom Altonaer Thore nach dem Steinthor gelaufen, ohne was dabei verdient zu haben.

.....so möchte er wieder vor dem Altonaer Thor sein! Ach! stände ich dort wieder und sähe wieder den Michaelsthurm, und oben daran die Uhr mit den grossen goldnen Zahlen auf dem Zifferblatt, die grossen goldnen Zahlen, die ich so oft des Nachmittags betrachtete wenn sie so freudlich in der Sonne glänzten-----ich hätte sie oft küssen mögen. Ach, ich bin jetzt in Italien, wo die Citronen und Orangen wachsen; wenn ich aber die Citronen und Orangen wachsen sehe, so denke ich an den Steinweg zu Hamburg, wo sie, ganze Karren voll, gemächlich aufgestapelt liegen, und wo man sie ruhig geniessen kann,

ohne dass man nöthig hat, so viele Gefahr-Berge zu besteigen und so viel Hitzwärme auszustehen.

Hyacinth, sprach der Marchese, du gehst jetzt zu der Lady Julie Maxfield, zu meiner Julia, und bringst ihr diese Tulpe-----nimm sie in Acht, denn sie kostet fünf Paoli----- und sagst ihr.....

Er ist ein treuer Mensch-----sagte der Marchese----- sonst hätte ich ihn längst abgeschafft, wegen seines Mangels an Etikette. Vor Ihnen hat Das Nichts zu bedeuten. Sie verstehen mich. Wie gefällt Ihnen seine Livree? Es sind noch für vierzig Thaler mehr Treffen dran, als an der Livree von Rothschild's Bedienten. Ich habe innerlich mein Vergnügen, wie sich der Mensch bei mir perfektioniert. Dann und wann gebe ich ihm selbst Unterricht in der Bildung. Ich sage ihm oft: Was ist Geld? Geld ist rund und rollt weg, aber Bildung bleibt. Ja, Herr Doktor, wenn ich, was Gott verhüte, mein Geld verliere, so bin ich doch noch immer ein grosser Kunstkenner, ein Kenner von Malerei, Musik, und Poesie. Sie sollen mir die Augen zubinden und mich in der Galerie zu Florenz herumführen, und bei jedem Gemälde, vor welches Sie mich hinstellen, will ich Ihnen den Maler nennen, der es gemalt hat, oder wenigstens die Schule, wozu dieser Maler gehört. Musik? Verstopfen Sie mir die Ohren, und ich höre doch jede falsche Note. Poesie? Ich kenne alle Schauspielerinnen Deutschlands, und die Dichter weiss ich auswendig. Und gar Natur! Ich bin zweihundert Meilen gereist, Tag und Nacht durch, um in Schottland einen einzigen

Berg zu sehen. Italien aber geht über Alles. Wie gefällt Ihnen hier diese Naturgegend? Welche Schöpfung! Sehen Sie mal die Bäume, die Berge, den Himmel, da unten das Wasser-----ist nicht Alles wie gemalt? Haben Sie es je im Theater schöner gesehen? Man wird, so zu sagen, ein Dichter!

IRONY AND SARCASM

Was ist denn der Graf Platen, den wir im vorigen Kapitel als Dichter und warmen Freund kennen lernten?

Franceska! rief ich, Stern meiner Gedanken! Gedanke meiner Seele! *vita della mia vita!* meine schöne, oftgeküsste, schlanke, katholische Franceska! für diese einzige Nacht, die du mir noch gewährst, will ich selbst katholisch werden-----aber auch nur für diese einzige Nacht! O, die schöne, selige, katholische Nacht! Ich liege in deinen Armen, strengkatholisch glaube ich an den Himmel deiner Liebe, von den Lippen küssen wir uns das holde Bekenntnis, das Wort Fleisch, der Glaube wird versinnlicht in Form und Gestalt! Welche Religion!

Es giebt nichts Langweiligeres auf dieser Erde als die Lektüre einer italienischen Reisebeschreibung-----ausser etwa das Schreiben derselben,-----und nur dadurch kann der Verfasser sie einigermaßen erträglich machen, dass er von Italien selbst so wenig als möglich darin redet.

Wegen meines gebrochenen Italiänischensprechens hielt sie mich im Anfang für einen Engländer; aber ich gestand ihr, dass ich nur ein Deutscher sei.

Sie sind ein Deutscher? frug sie mich.

Ich bin zu ehrlich, es zu leugnen, Signora! entgegnete meine Wenigkeit.

Im Allgemeinen werden die Bewohner Göttingen's eingetheilt in Studenten, Professoren, Philister und Vieh, welche vier Stände doch Nichts weniger als streng geschieden sind.

Die Stadt selbst ist schön, und gefällt Einem am besten, wenn man sie mit dem Rücken ansieht.

Die Ufergegenden der Elbe sind wunderlieblich, besonders hinter Altona, bei Rainville. Unfern liegt Klopstock begraben. Ich kenne keine Gegend, wo ein todter Dichter begraben liegen kann wie dort. Als lebendiger Dichter dort zu leben, ist schon weit schwerer.

Der Standpunkt, von wo ich den Grafen Platen zuerst gewahrte, war München, der Schauplatz seiner Bestrebungen..... wo er gewiss, so lange er lebt, unsterblich sein wird.

Vielleicht aber würde der Graf Platen ein Dichter sein, wenn er in einer anderen Zeit lebte, und wenn er ausserdem auch ein Anderer wäre, als er jetzt ist.

.....wie es mir denn auch erschrecklich missfiel, dass das Einmaleins, welches doch mit der heiligen Dreiheitslehre bedenklich kollidiert, im Katechismus selbst, und zwar auf

dem letzten Blatte desselben, abgedruckt ist, und die Kinder dadurch schon frühzeitig zu sündhaften Zweifeln verleitet werden können.

Die Verächter italiänischer Musik, die auch dieser Gattung den Stab brechen, werden einst in der Hölle ihrer wohlverdienten Strafe nicht entgehen, und sind vielleicht verdammt, die lange Ewigkeit hindurch nichts Anderes zu hören, als Fugen von Sebastien Bach.

Sie haben gar keine Idee von der Hölle, Madame. Wir erlangen dorthier wenig officiële Nachrichten. Dass die armen Seelen da drunten den ganzen Tag all' die schlechten Predigten lesen müssen, die hier oben gedruckt werden-----Das ist Verleumdung. So schlimm ist es nicht in der Hölle, so raffinierte Qualen wird Satan niemals ersinnen.

Um den Hamlet ganz als Schwächling zu schildern, lässt Shakespeare ihn auch im Gespräche mit den Komödianten als einen guten Theaterkritiker erscheinen.

Aber werden es mir die Damen nicht übel nehmen, dass ich Hosen, statt Beinkleider, sage? O, über das Feingefühl der Damen! Am Ende werden nur Eunuchen für sie schreiben dürfen, und ihre Geistesdiener im Occident werden so harmlos sein müssen, wie ihre Leibdiener im Orient.

DIATRIBE

Ich war, wie Sie wissen, gestern Abend, so zu sagen, au Desespoir, als das Fatum mir nicht vergönnte meine Julia zu besitzen-----da las ich diese Gedichte, jedesmal ein Gedicht, wenn ich aufstehen musste, und eine solche Gleichgültigkeit gen die Weiber war die Folge, dass mir mein eigener Liebes-schmerz zuwider wurde. Das ist eben das Schöne an diesem Dichter, dass er nur für Männer glüht, in warmer Freundschaft; er giebt uns den Vorzug vor dem weiblichen Geschlechte, und schon für diese Ehre sollten wir ihm dankbar sein. Er ist darin grösser als alle andern Dichter, er schmeichelt nicht dem gewöhnlichen Geschmack des grossen Haufens, er heilt uns von unserer Passion für die Weiber, die uns so viel Unglück zuzieht.

Herr Marchese, Sie sprechen wie ein Buch, auch die Verse gehen Ihnen wieder so leicht ab, wie diese Nacht, aber ihr Inhalt will mir nicht gefallen. Als Mann fühle ich mich geschmeichelt, dass der Graf Platen uns den Vorzug giebt vor den Weibern, und als Freund von den Weibern bin ich wieder ein Gegner von solch einem Manne. So ist der Mensch! Der Eine isst gern Zwiebeln, Der Andere hat mehr Gefühl für warme Freundschaft, und ich als ehrlicher Mann muss aufrichtig gestehen, ich esse gern Zwiebeln, und eine schiefe Köchin ist mir lieber als der schönste Schönheitsfreund. Ja, ich muss gestehen, ich sehe nicht so viel Schönes am männlichen Geschlecht, dass man sich darin verlieben sollte.

Doch ich will mein Thema nicht zu weit verlassen. Ich glaube, es war um jene Zeit, dass der König von Baiern in schon erwähnter Absicht dem Grafen Platen ein Jahrgehalt von sechshundert Gulden gab, und zwar nicht aus der Staatskasse, sondern aus der königlichen Privatskasse, wie es sich der Graf als besondere Gnade gewünscht hatte. Letzteren Umstand, der die Kaste charakterisiert, so geringfügig er auch erscheint, erwähne ich nur als Notiz für den Naturforscher, der vielleicht Beobachtungen über den Adel macht. In der Wissenschaft ist alles wichtig. Wer mir vorwerfen möchte, dass ich den Grafen Platen zu wichtig nehme, der gehe nach Paris und sehe, wie sorgfältig der feine, zierliche Cuvier in seinen Vorlesungen das unreinste Insekt mit dem genauesten Detail schildert.

BATHOS

Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas, Madame!

Aber das Leben ist im Grunde so fatal ernsthaft, dass es nicht zu ertragen wäre ohne solche Verbindung des Pathetischen mit dem Komischen. Das wissen unsere Poeten. Die grauenhaftesten Bilder des menschlichen Wahnsinns zeigt uns Aristophanes nur im lachenden Spiegel des Witzes, den grossen Denkerschmerz, der seine eigene Nichtigkeit begreift, wagt Goethe nur mit den Knittelversen eines Puppenspiels auszusprechen, und die tödlichste Klage über den Kammer der Welt legt Skakespeare in den Mund eines Narren, während er dessen Schellenkappe ängstlich schüttelt.

Ich glaube wir sprachen auch von Angorakatzen, etruskischen Vasen, türkischen Shawls, Makaroni und Lord Byron.....

Gebrochen und morsch liegt daneben auch die hohe Burg, die einst die Stadt beherrschte, ein abenteuerlicher Bau aus abenteuerlicher Zeit, mit Spitzen, Vorsprüngen, Zinnen und mit einem breitrunden Thurm, worin nur noch Eulen und österreichische Invaliden hausen.

Apfeltörtchen waren nämlich damals meine Passion-----jetzt ist es Liebe, Wahrheit, Freiheit und Kriebssuppe.....

Die Tyroler sind schön, heiter, ehrlich, brav, und von unergründlicher Geistesbeschränktheit.

Brixen war die zweite grössere Stadt Tyrol's, wo ich einkehrte. Sie liegt in einem Thal, und als ich ankam, war sie mit Dampf und Abendschatten übergossen. Dämmernde Stille, melancholisches Glockengebimmel, die Schafe trippelten nach ihren Ställen, die Menschen nach den Kirchen; überall beklemmender Geruch von hässlichen Heiligenbildern und getrocknetem Heu.

.....und da erfuhr ich unter Anderem, die Stadt habe 40,000 Einwohner, ein Rathhaus, 21 Kaffeehäuser, 20 katholische Kirchen, ein Tollhaus, eine Synagoge, eine Menagerie, ein Zucht-haus, ein Krankenhaus, ein eben so gutes Theater, und einen Galgen für Diebe, die unter 1000,000 Thaler stehlen.

.....und ich sagte: "Wilhelm, hol' doch das Kätzchen, das eben hineingefallen"-----und lustig stieg er hinab auf das Brett, das über dem Bach lag, riss das Kätzchen aus dem Wasser, fiel aber selbst hinein, und als man ihn herauszog,

war er nass und todt. Das Kätzchen hat noch lange Zeit gelebt.

Ja, es ist Frühling und ich kann endlich die Unterjacke ausziehen.

Er frug nämlich, woran das Weib aus Samaria erkannt hatte, dass Jesus ein Jude war? "An der Beschneidung" ----- antwortete keck die kleine Schwäbin.

Als der Ritter mit sittigem Verneigen ihr entgegentrat, betrachtete sie ihn lange ernst und schweigend und fragte ihn endlich lächelnd, ob er hungrig sei. Obgleich nun dem Ritter das Herz in der Brust bebt, so hatte er doch einen deutschen Magen.....

Die Moral des Stückes ist für die Frauen, dass sie sich in Acht nehmen müssen, keinen fliegenden Holländer zu heirathen; und wir Männer ersehen aus diesem Stücke, wie wir durch die Weiber im günstigsten Falle zu Grunde gehen.

Du musst nämlich wissen, lieber Leser, dass der Marchese, dieser vornehme Mann, jetzt ein guter Katholik ist, dass er die Ceremonien der alleinseligmachenden Kirche streng ausübt, und sich, wenn er in Rom ist, sogar einen eigenen Kapellan hält, aus demselben Grunde, weshalb er in England die besten Wettrenner und in Paris die schönste Tänzerin unterhielt.

.....der verzweifelnde Republikaner, der sich wie ein Brutus das Messer ins Herz stiess, hat vielleicht zuvor daran

gerochen, ob auch kein Hering damit geschnitten worden.....

Signora Lätizia aber trillerte dazwischen im feinsten Diskant:

Dir allein glüht diese Wange,
 Dir nur klopfen diese Pulse;
 Voll von süssem Liebesdrange
 Hebt mein Herz sich dir allein!

Und mit der fet^{est}igsten Prosastimme setzte sie hinzu:
 Bartolo, gieb mir den Spucknapf!

DESCRIPTION

Es ist unbeschreib^{bar}, mit welcher Fröhlichkeit, Naivetät und Anmuth die Ilse sich hinunter stürzt über die abenteuerlich gebildeten Felsstücke, die sie in ihrem Laufe findet, so dass das Wasser hier wild empor zischt oder schäumend überläuft, dort aus allerlei Steinspalten, wie aus vollen Giesskannen, in reinen Bogen sich ergiesst, und unten wieder über die kleinen Steine hint^{er}tr^{ip}pelt, wie ein munteres Mädchen. Ja, die Sage ist wahr, die Ilse ist eine Prinzessin, die lachend und blühend den Berg hinabläuft. Wie blinkt im Sonnenschein ihr weisses Schaumgewand! Wie flattern im Winde ihre silbernen Busenbänder! Wie funkeln und blitzen ihre Diamanten!

Unfern von Genua, auf der Spitze der Apenⁿinen, sieht man das Meer, zwischen den grünen Gebirgsgipfeln kommt die blaue Fluth zum Vorschein, und Schiffe, die man hie und da erblickt, scheinen mit vollen Segeln über die Berge zu fahren. Hat man aber diesen Anblick zur Zeit der Dämmerung, wo die letzten

Sonnenlichter mit den ersten Abendschatten ihr wunderliches Spiel beginnen, und alle Farben und Formen sich nebelhaft verweben: dann wird Einem ordentlich märchenhaft zu Muthe, der Wagen rasselt bergab, die schläfrig süssesten Bilder der Seele werden aufgerüttelt und nicken wieder ein, und es träumt Einem endlich, man sei in Genua.

Ich würde diesen Kopf vielmehr für den eines Affen halten; nur aus Kourtoisie will ich ihn für menschlich passieren lassen. Seine Bedeckung bestand aus einer Tuchmütze, in der Form ähnlich dem Helm des Mambrin, und steifschwarze Haare hingen lang herab und waren vorn a l'enfant gescheitelt. Auf diese Vorderseite des Kopfes, die sich für ein Gesicht ausgab, hatte die Göttin der Gemeinheit ihren Stempel gedrückt, und zwar so stark, dass die dort befindliche Nase fast zerquetscht worden: die niedergeschlagenen Augen schienen diese Nase vergebens zu suchen und deshalb betrübt zu sein; ein übelriechendes Lächeln spielte um den Mund, der überaus liebreizend war, und durch eine gewisse frappante Ähnlichkeit unseren griechischen After-Dichter zu den zärttesten Gaselen begeistern könnte.

Jeder ist selbst krank genug in diesem grossen Lazareth, und manche polemische Lektüre erinnert mich unwillkürlich an ein widerwärtiges Gezank in einem kleineren Lazareth zu Krakau, wobei ich mich als zufälliger Zuschauer befand, und wo entsetzlich anzuhören war, wie die Kranken sich einander ihre Gebrechen spotten vorrechneten, wie ausgedörrte Schwindsüchtige den aufgeschwollenen Wassersüchtling verhöhnten, wie der Eine lachte über den Nasenkrebs des Andern, und Dieser wieder über Maulsperre und Augenverdrehung seiner Nachbarn, bis am

Ende die Fiebertollen nackt aus den Betten sprangen, und den andern Kranken die Decken und Laken von den wunden Leibern rissen, und Nichts als scheussliches Elend und Verstummlung zu sehen war.

.....und ein Pflaster, so holprig wie Berliner Hexameter.....

Warum hat Kant seine Kritik der reinen Vernunft in einem so grauen, trocknen Packpapierstil geschrieben?

Oder etwa, wie greise Lüstlinge durch Ruthenstreiche das erschlaffte Fleisch zu neuer Genussfähigkeit aufreizen: wollte das alternde Rom sich mönchisch geisseln lassen, um raffinierte Genüsse in der Qual selbst und die Wollust im Schmerze zu finden?

EPIGRAM

Ein katholischer Pfaffe wandelt einher, als wenn ihm der Himmel gehöre; ein protestantischer Pfaffe hingegen geht herum, als wenn er den Himmel gepachtet habe.

Man mag sagen, was man will, der Katholicismus ist eine gute Sommerreligion.

Aber, Herr Hyacinth, wie gefällt Ihnen denn die protestantische Religion?

Die ist mir wieder zu vernünftig, Herr Doktor, und gäbe es in der protestantischen Kirche keine Orgel, so wäre sie gar keine Religion.

.....und während wir über den Himmel streiten, gehen wir auf Erden zu Grunde.

Religion und Heuchelei sind Zwillingsgeschwestern, und beide sehen sich so ähnlich, dass sie zuweilen nicht von einander zu unterscheiden sind.

Mögen immerhin einige philosophische Renegaten der Freiheit die feinsten Kettenschlüsse schmieden, um uns zu beweisen, dass Millionen Menschen geschaffen sind als Lastthiere einiger Tausend privilegierter Ritter; sie werden uns dennoch nicht davon überzogen können, so lange sie uns, wie Voltaire sagt, nicht nachweisen, dass Jene mit Sätteln auf dem Rücken und Diese mit Sporen an den Füßen zur Welt gekommen sind.

.....und ob man meine Lieder preiset oder tadelt, es kümmert mich wenig. Aber ein Schwert sollt ihr mir auf den Sarg legen; denn ich war ein braver Soldat im Befreiungskriege der Menschheit.

Weisst du wohl, liebe Mutter, sagte ich da, wenn ich König wäre, so würde ich mal einen ganzen Tag gar nicht regieren, bloss um zu sehen, wie es dann in der Welt aussieht. Liebes Kind, antwortete die Mutter, Das thun auch manche Könige, und es sieht auch dann danach aus.

Der Engländer liebt die Freiheit wie sein rechtmässiges Weib.....Der Franzose liebt die Freiheit wie seine Braut..... Der Deutsche liebt die Freiheit wie seine alte Grossmutter.

Tausend Ausdrücke hat der Araber für ein Schwert, der Franzose für die Liebe, der Engländer für das Hängen, der Deutsche für das Trinken, und der neuere Athener sogar für die Orte, wo er trinkt.

.....die Ironie ist ka Bier, sondern eine Erfindung der Berliner, der klügsten Leute von der Welt, die sich sehr ärgerten, dass sie zu spät auf die Welt gekommen sind, um das Pulver erfinden zu können, und die deshalb eine Erfindung zu machen suchten, die eben so wichtig.....ist.

Wäre die Wirthin zur rothen Kuh eine Italiänerin gewesen, so hätte sie vielleicht mein Essen vergiftet; da sie aber eine Holländerin war, so schickte sie mir sehr schlechtes Essen.

Aber die Weiber haben leider nur eine einzige Art, wie sie uns glücklich machen können, während sie uns auf dreissigtausend Arten unglücklich zu machen wissen.

Schöne Frauen, die keine Religion haben, sind wie Blumen ohne Duft.....

Die Engländer haben den Kaiser bloss ermordet, aber Walter Scott hat ihn verkauft.

Schickt einen Philosophen nach London; bei Leibe keinen Poeten!

Ich gab ihm recht, und fügte hinzu, dass Gott das Rindvieh erschaffen, weil Fleischsuppen den Menschen stärken, dass er die Esel erschaffen, damit sie den Menschen zu Vergleichen dienen können, und dass er den Menschen selbst erschaffen, damit er Fleischsuppen essen und kein Esel sein soll.

Andere erzählten mir dass mich der Graf Platen hasse und sich mir als Feind entgegenstelle;-----und Das war mir auf jeden Fall angenehmer, als hätte man mir nachgesagt, dass mich der Graf Platen als Freund hinter meinem Rücken liebe.

.....auf jeden Fall aber unterscheiden sich beide Universitäten durch den einfachen Umstand, dass in Bologna die kleinsten Hunde und die grössten Gelehrten, in Göttingen hingegen die kleinsten Gelehrten und die grössten Hunde zu finden sind.

Das ist nun lange her. Ich war damals jung und thöricht. Jetzt bin ich alt und thöricht.

.....dass der zweite Band der Reisebilder verboten sei: Die Regierung hatte aber das Buch gar nicht zu verbieten brauchen, es wäre dennoch gelesen worden.

EUPHEMISM

Beim Abschied bat ich sie wieder um die Vergünstigung, ihren linken Fuss küssen zu dürfen; worauf sie mit lächelndem Ernst den rothen Schuh auszog, so wie auch den Strumpf; und indem ich niederkniete, reichte sie mir den weissen, blühenden Liljenfuss, den ich vielleicht gläubiger an den Lippen presste, als ich es mit dem Fuss des Papstes gethan haben möchte. Wie sich von selbst versteht, machte ich auch die Kammerjungfer, und half den Strumpf und den Schuh wieder anziehen.

Ich bin mit Ihnen zufrieden,-----sagte Signora Francesca nach verrichtetem Geschäfte, wobei ich mich nicht zu sehr übereilte, obgleich ich alle zehn Finger in Thätigkeit setzte, -----ich bin mit Ihnen zufrieden, Sie sollen mir noch öfter die Strümpfe anziehen. Heute haben Sie den linken Fuss geküsst, morgen soll Ihnen der Rechte zu Gebote stehen. Übermorgen dürfen Sie mir die linke Hand küssen, und einen Tag nachher auch die Rechte. Führen Sie sich gut auf, so reiche ich Ihnen späterhin den Mund, u.s.w. Sie sehen, ich will Sie gern avancieren lassen, und da Sie jung sind, können Sie es in der Welt noch weit bringen.

Und ich habe es weit gebracht in dieser Welt! Dess seid mir Zeugen, toskanische Nächte.....

Du siehst, lieber Leser, dass ich dir gern eine gründliche Lokalbeschreibung meines Glückes liefern möchte, und, wie an-

dere ihren Werken noch besondere Karten von historisch wichtigen oder sonst merkwürdigen Bezirken beifügen, so möchte ich Franceska in Kupfer stechen lassen.

Dabei machte sie die zärtlichsten Pantomimen,..... warf sich endlich schwebend, mit voller Brust, aufs Sopha, barg das Gesicht in die Kissen, streckte hinter sich ihre Füße in die Höhe und liess sie wie hölzerne Puppen agieren. Der blaue Fuss sollte den Abbate Cecco und der rothe die arme Franceska vorstellen, und indem sie ihre eigene Geschichte parodierte, liess sie ihre beiden verliebten Füße von einander Abschied nehmen, und es war ein rührend närrisches Schauspiel, wie sich beide mit den Spitzen küssten und die zärtlichsten Dinge sagten-----.....und ich war endlich froh, als ein unerbittliches Schicksal sie von einander trennte, indem süsse Ahnung mir zuflüsterte, dass es für mich ein Missgeschick wäre, wenn die beiden Liebenden beständig vereint blieben.

.....sie lachte wie ein Kind und rief: "Ja, Das ist schmähhlich, mehr als schmähhlich! Wenn ich eine Festung wäre und dreihundert Kanonen hätte, würde ich mich nimmermehr ergeben!" Da aber Mlle. Laurence keine dreihundert Kanonen hatte---

Als ich ein Knabe war, fühlt ich immer eine brennende Sehnsucht, wenn schön gebackene Torten, wovon ich Nichts bekommen sollte, duftig-offen, bei mir vorübergetragen wurden; späterhin stachelte mich dasselbe Gefühl, wenn ich modisch entblösste, schöne Damen vorbeispazieren sah; und ich denke jetzt, die armen Insulaner, die noch in einem Kindheitszu-

stande leben, haben hier oft Gelegenheit zu ähnlichen Empfindungen, und es wäre gut, wenn die Eigenthümer der schönen Torten und Frauen solche etwas mehr verdeckten. Diese vielen unbedeckten Delikatessen, woran jene Leute nur die Augen weiden können, müssen ihren Appetit sehr stark wecken, und wenn die armen Insulanerinnen in ihrer Schwangerschaft allerlei süß gebackene Gelüste bekommen und am End sogar Kinder zur Welt bringen, die den Badgästen ähnlich sehen, so ist Das leicht zu erklären. Ich will hier durchaus auf kein unsittliches Verhältniß anspielen.

Denn weder noch Damen baden hier unter einem Schirm, sondern spazieren in die freie See. Deshalb sind auch die Badestellen beider Geschlechter von einander geschieden, doch nicht allzuweit, und wer ein gutes Glas führt, kann überall in der Welt Viel sehen.

.....und bemerkte ich gar, dass die Schleppe ihres Kleides nass war, so hielt ich sie für eine Wassernixe. Jetzt denke ich anders, seit ich aus der Naturgeschichte weiss,.....dass die Schleppe eines Damenkleides auf sehr natürliche Weise nass werden kann.

.....der Andere aber machte späterhin geographische Untersuchungen in fremden Taschen, wurde deshalb wirkendes Mitglied einer öffentlichen Spinnanstalt, zerriss die eisernen Bande, die ihn an diese und an das Vaterland fesselten, kam glücklich über das Wasser, und starb in London durch eine allzuenge Kravatte, die sich von selbst zugezogen, als ihm ein königlicher Beamter das Brett unter den Beinen wegriss.

MINOR ASPECTS OF FORM

O Natur, du stumme Jungfrau! wohl verstehe ich dein
Wetterleuchten.....

Ach, liebe Seele, es kann sich sogar fügen, dass du
auf irgend einem Kirchhofe neben diesem selben Philister zu
liegen kommst.....

Unsterblichkeit! schöner Gedanke! wer hat dich zuerst
erdacht?

Euch, ihr Musen der alten und der neuen Welt, euch sogar,
ihr noch unentdeckten Musen,.....euch beschwöre ich.....

Aber dich darf ich nicht vergessen, du schönste von allen,
du schöne Spinnerin an den Marken Italiens!

.....betrachtete ich die neugeborenen, blanken Thaler,
nahm einen der eben vom Prägstocke kam, in die Hand, und sprach
zu ihm: Junger Thaler! welche Schicksale erwarten dich!

Morgen küssen wir dich, du schönes Marmorgesicht.....

Im Traume kam ich wieder nach Göttingen zurück, und zwar
nach der dortigen Bibliothek. Ich stand in einer Ecke des
juristischen Saals.....

Am Ende träumte mir gar, ich sähe die Aufführung einer
juristischen Oper, die Falcidia geheissen.....

.....und oben war die blauseidene Decke des Himmels so
durchsichtig, dass man tief hinein schauen konnte bis ins
Allerheiligste.....

Da plötzlich keuchte heran ein bleicher, bluttriefender
Jude, mit einer Dornenkrone auf dem Haupte.....

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